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OCT.
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be a nasty piece
of work. Who'd
have thought
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BY MARK STEYN

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This week on the Web

MACLEAN'S

Canada World Business Culture Education

Mother May I

WEB EXCLUSIVE: 10 things Elizabeth May learned at her mother's knee, candid photos, and leaked Green party emails

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

WEB EXCLUSIVES

The Briefing

Our constantly updated and on-air affairs blog—offering through the stories, events, personalities and drama of the day

read.macleans.ca/thebriefing

Megapundit

There's only one way to know what every columnist in the country is saying—check in with Chris Sealey's daily roundup

read.macleans.ca/megapundit

BLOG CENTRAL

Paul Wells

Canada's top political columnist now reveals in *Memo*. But he says still-affairs the best analysis of what happens on the Hill

macleans.ca/paulwells

Scott Feschuk

All your que-est questions are answered in *Making as Philosophy*—and now, now-it's back, back-to-back blogging throughout. The night

read.macleans.ca/feschuk

LATEST COMMENTS

Glen Murray

John Tory went to ignore LGBT events in the last few years that I did. It would be nice to know John as the leader of his party

macleans.ca/murray/152

TOP STORIES THIS WEEK

Throne Speech headquarters

Full coverage of the Speech from the Throne, including a sketch of the event, Parliament Hill reaction and fallout.

Macleans.ca interview: Eric Hart

Addressing the idea that executives can't empathize with poor, former weather host shares his own head-on view and the plight of fellow athletes

MACLEAN'S

MACLEAN'S is a weekly magazine that provides a comprehensive overview of Canadian news, culture, and business. The magazine is published by Maclean's Publishing Inc. and is available in both print and digital formats. The print edition is published weekly, while the digital edition is available online through the Maclean's website. The magazine covers a wide range of topics, including politics, sports, entertainment, and social issues. It is known for its in-depth reporting and analysis, as well as its high-quality photography and design. The magazine is a popular read for Canadians and is available in both English and French.



'I am in Grade 8 and it's like déjà vu to read that Grade 7 girls are obsessed with being popular'

BUFFETT'S STYLE

I enjoyed the coverage in *Maclean's* magazine and on its website of Warren Buffett (June/June, Oct. 15 "Get Buffed up," *Maclean's*, Oct. 21). But while your Net report, especially, is mostly on the Oracle of Omaha's personal and money-making lifestyle, it slumps on the unique investment style that makes him different from his peers. It is true that Buffett showed amazing promise as a child and has been the only person to score an A+ in Benjamin Graham's Columbia Securities analysis course, but he started his investment partnership with several thousand dollars borrowed from family and friends. To overcome this, he would hold very strong convictions in their investments. He advocated a long-term, buy-and-hold strategy that was unheard of among his peers. In fact, the major stocks in his company Berkshire Hathaway's portfolio continue to be old companies in Coca-Cola, McDonald's and Gillette. His unique style continues to make sense in his lifetime. For the first time, new retail and Japan. Gary Lau, New York

THOUGHT CRIMES

IN HER PEOCE about Evan Stark's book, *Conversing* Carol How Merleyn Winter in *Personal Life* ("Tinsel and release," *Maclean's*, Oct. 15), Debra Berberg given respectful attention to Stark's theme, namely that the emphasis in public awareness campaigns of the physical battering of women by men has diminished concern for the non-physical ways in which men affect women's lives. Stark argues that many psychological and emotional forms of "torture" can be more devastating than physical assault, and that these "coercive control"—all acts of oppression men subvert women in physical or otherwise, should be criminalized. Stark's argument is thoroughly well-thought "Or at least," means he wants to introduce the *Orwellian* idea of thought crime and show its relevance in relationship behaviors that the state cannot possibly monitor in a free society. To highlight how abused and dangerous Stark's impact is, simply apply his logic to women who express

children emotionally or psychologically. It would criminalize mothers who scream at their children, withhold a meal on punishment or compare them unfavorably to a sibling. Of course that will never happen, because anybody who suggested that women be subjected to such statutes would be condemned out of hand. But it speaks well of us about the criticism of the women's movement, and the media's knee-jerk deference to it, that Stark's suggestion was chosen as a subject for anecdotal reporting by *Maclean's*.

Barbara Kay, Whitehorse, Que.

UNHOLY STRESS

AS ONE WHO has experienced it, I loved Ken MacQueen's well-researched article on workplace stress ("Dealing with the stress," *Special Report*, Oct. 15). Unfortunately it seemed to give credence to those academics and others who question that claims about chronic stress levels are even valid. The writer was closer to the core issue when he spoke of the pressure that accompany a 24/7 lifestyle. The documentary on our modern culture is making a book, and that is crazy. I remember when people took off one day a week, Sunday, to rest, sleep, and to think. It was a slow down from the fast pace of the modern world.

Without this practice of setting time apart from our business pursuits, we are left restless, exhausted and spent. Today's stress levels are causing us far more than a 30-second year fat to the economy. They are costing us our peace of mind.

Debra B. Berberg, Edmonton

LITTLE 'CARNIVORES'

I AM A 13-year-old girl in Grade 8, and it was like déjà vu when I read in *Maclean's* the story that Grade 7 girls were now obsessed with being popular ("Evidence of mean-girls book," *Books*, Oct. 15). After middle school I started, the exact same thing is happening, but at my school, we, girls and boys are involved. Most, 13 and 14-year-olds are uninvolved "popular" because they think that they have to go along with the rest of their clique. There is always a leader in the

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On another baking sheet, spread out the sliced almonds. Place in the oven and toast until slightly browned, about 5-10 minutes.

Remove the almond-baking sheet and the sweet potatoes. Mix together in a serving bowl and garnish with thyme sprigs. Serve warm or at room temperature. Makes 4 to 6 servings. Learn more at:

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"YOUR REASONING is flawed" about the Somalia hit and the NHL's game, says a reader

group and everyone follows whatever she does in fear that they too will be picked upon and dropped. I have befriended girls who were bullied and then crushed and dropped by their groups of caretakers, who will pick upon every little mistake they have in their until they are so worn out, they have no energy to fight back. Sometimes I wish I were born a boy.

Tahar Parnas, Kalamazoo, MI

AS THE AUTHOR of a series of books for girls, I would like to thank Macdon for opening the debate on what we should, or will, read. By impressing the intelligence of the reader and developing their characters who thought, choose and make decisions, good or evil, we as authors can help raise the possible outcomes of their actions. Parents and educators would do well to use text books as a basis of discussion.

Patricia G. Perry, Lakeland, Ont.

DEFENDING HILLIER

YOUR BLOG excerpt from *The Unreported War: Canada in Kandahar* ("Defense Hillier: National, Oct. 15) was provocative. But let's not dump our anger on in some lowest common denominator approach. Since the Taliban for the war in Afghanistan, not Gen. Rick Hillier. Author Eugene Lang and Janet Gross Schwartz need to ask Hillier: Your promise of "an inside story" was an idle boast. *Jim Shaw, Annapolis, Ont.*

IN YOUR ARTICLE, the authors claim the government officials in March-April 2006 did not use "the word war to describe what was going on in southern Afghanistan" due "to

civilian or military leader understood that Taliban attacks signal the beginning of a new war," and that "the military rarely, if at all, used the word emergency with the police" to describe what was happening," and that "[even] as late as January 2006... officials were still referring to the Kandahar deployment as their bridging point as 'times about peace support role.'"

However, it is evident that even before the deployment of the PFGLI Battlegroup in early 2006, government officials were aware of the nature of the operation and the inevitability of combat and casualties. In October 2005, defense minister Bill Graham noted that Canadian troops were "under no illusion" that their role in Kandahar would be "more in the nature of a combat mission." Indeed, as early as Feb. 14, 2005—before the decision to deploy to Kandahar—Graham told the Associated Press that Canada was willing to take a leading role in Kandahar and would deploy a brigade that would be ready to take part in combat operations.

This "Defense Hillier" campaign is the result of one of two factors. Either the government at the time is now trying to cover its political defeat with the claim that the operation in Afghanistan was aggressively "sold" by the military to support its current attempt to point the war as the decision child of the current government, or, as what is a more chilling scenario, government officials at the time were asleep at the switch, blind to the possible costs of the operation in Afghanistan.

Alan Pallares, Colonel (Retired), Executive Director, Confederation of Defence Associations, Ontario

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Prime-time drama: was this Dion's worst day ever?



SCOTT
FESCHUK

There was *Tension*—how would the writers resolve last spring's dramatic cliffhanger in which the dashing Stephen Harper was shockingly revealed to be secretly in love with... *Aunty*? And there was *Action*—each of it consisting of Stéphane Dion repeatedly closing his eyes tight and hoping to wake up 10 months ago in Bobby Karag's house.

The unholy trinity of the radical speech from the Throne is comprised of poetry, modernism and a bucketload of vagueness. I'm not saying the content is typically meaningless, but I'm pretty sure that for Jean Chrétien's third child address, he handed the Governor General his government's worded speech and told her to just add the words, "This tune we totally mean it."

But the Throne Speech, which on Tuesday opened the second session of the 39th Parliament, was to be different. "A crucial address," it/it/it was described on one news channel. "The Harper government's biggest speech," was the *Windsor Star*. All acknowledged, sober commentators were commenting soberly. (Mike Duffy's contribution: upon getting a copy of the speech: "A lovely picture in the cover.") Still, the main topic of discussion wasn't the address itself; it was how the speech would be received by Stéphane Dion. Would the Liberal leader actually vote down the government and force an election? Or would he instead maybe do something *har* crazy?

For weeks, Dion had let the election go: no legions, age, nature, feminine and otherwise murmur into a *Brain-Eating Zomboid Question*—even though his party is ready for an election the same way the Exxon Valdez

was ready for Prince William Sound. His uncertainty was unwavering. Conservatives first presented a provocative speech or would barely stop short of accusing Dion of throwing like a girl. The Liberal leader said nothing. Then Conservatives said maybe the speech would be more tempered. The Liberal leader nothing. This endless focus paid off when Dion was able to comb through the Throne Speech by swiping his Quebec Inseparables without first enlisting a new one—capital—, and then later, completing a stunning daily double, letting us be known internally that he'd decided to force no election, before letting himself be talked out of it... for the moment at least. It is a twisted tribute to Dion's noted as leader that commentators

of *Parsons*... now that's political courage.

Personally, I had expected Harper to put a distinctive Conservative stamp on government by refusing to declare children "our future," and instead describing them as "a real pain in the ass." But no, the Prime Minister proved unexpectedly soft on children. Maybe when he gets the majority. In the meantime, Harper left the poor Governor General to say things like: "The economy is strong and the government is clean." Ugh. Although on the upside, maybe Harper will decide to retire his 10-piece flannel shirt by leaving Jason Kennedy to share his head bald, give a gold hoop earring, and walk around with his arms folded.

Harper also used the Throne Speech to



Dion's ready for an election like the Exxon Valdez was ready for Prince William Sound

had to pause and reflect to ensure this was his Worst Day Day.

Meanwhile, the speech itself—there was a quack! Michelle Jean arrived on Parliament Hill in a motorcade and emerged to inspect the honour guard. At this point, we are for ourselves there was no truth to the rumour that, as part of the recently revealed Conservative strategy to woo ethnic minorities, the Governor General would be forced to read the speech in a burka and noisettes.

As dictated by tradition, the speech was delivered in the Senate chamber, which, the Governor General remarked, "is filled with history"—though perhaps that wasn't the easiest way to refer to Art Eggleston. At the time of the address approached, no seats were taken by senators—including J. Brent Brown, who was known that very afternoon in Canada's second oldest senator and barely had time to take his regular pillow—a well-known to all aware the Prime Minister's duty is to outline one's policy road map to a group of representatives during 17th

declare that the Kyoto action targets are unattainable—which was a bit like him telling the wife the gas isn't going to get out because he just had a long nap. Sure, the Liberal government did nothing to improve the second it signed and ratified—but Harper, too, has done jack. And look—now the goals are unattainable! Struck, nothing left to do but make a sandwich and watch the game, I guess.

But perhaps what's most striking is that the content of the speech—whatever its merit or importance—will be remembered less than the way in which the leader of the Opposition responded to it, by accusing a lack of vision, by fostering instability, and ultimately by demonstrating incompetence. As the night wound down on Parliament Hill, as the networks cut away, here was one man who clearly was not ready for prime time. ■

ON THE WEB: For Scott Feschuk's take on the news of the day, visit his blog www.sciences.ca/feschuk

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Let's hear it for Bono-fied activism



ANDREW POTTER

In the midst of a marathon on publicity tour for his new mega-seller, *The Shock Doctrine*, Naomi Klein found some time last week to get on an old hobby horse and break a lance for the old anti-globalization movie

racet, along the way directing a stunning blow at the activist-in-aition Bono. Speaking at a literary festival in England, Klein concluded that the movement had faded out, the fires of protest starved of oxygen by three related forces. First was the U.S. government, which took advantage of post-9/11 paranoia to cow the left and keep people in a state of constant fear. Second, she blamed the Internet, especially the bloggers, which offers a more immediate but much less effective outlet for political anger.

But most of all, she blamed the parade of impoverished rich stars like Bono, Sting, and Madonna, and their "travelling road" method of lighting for social justice. Launching the "Bono mission" of protest, Klein complained that events like the Make Poverty History concerts, timed to coincide with political summit meetings, are "too dangerous and too powerful" that the bombast of mass protest and street theatre that characterized the heyday of anti-globalization activism. "In terms of the movement, this justification of the protest space by the Bono and the Gorbals had a really serious effect," she said. "I really don't think it's a good thing."

Let's applaud her here. What Klein describes are two forms of protest. The old way, driven by the activist grassroots, was dangerous, urgent, and powerful. The new, gentrified version, dominated by rich and famous rock stars, is safe, recreational, and impotent.

Sound familiar? This is nothing more than the amazing *delinquency* of *No Logo* applied to the cultural dynamics of political activism. Klein generally better at pointing to symptoms than at diagnosing the cause, she explains why they exist or what we should do about them. But if there was one concept behind

the book's critique of global consumer culture, it was the idea of co-optation.

According to the theory, the "system" in which we live is very good at dealing with potential threats by "co-opting" dissent. Capitalism, in particular, is adept at taking the symbols of rebellion and mass-producing them, and selling it back in the form of "intellectual property." In so doing, it converts the symbols of that subversive content, and thus neutralizes the incipient rebellion.

You don't have to look very far to find examples of this co-optation. Underground music becomes a marketing slogan called "well, underground," urban history falls into a gentrified "Gothic Living" development, and locally grown organic produce becomes, in Wal-Mart's evil hands, just another form of industrial agriculture. In each case, something gritty, spontaneous, and subversive gets repackaged into something safe, bland, and cynically marketed.

At Naomi Klein's recent, the same thing happened to popular protest. What was once a bona fide political movement has become,



At least Bono knows legislation and taxation, not street parties, bring about real change

well, Bono-fied, losing all of its potential for real social change. The anti-globalization movement is dead, co-opted by political fear machines, the alienating form of technology, and celebrity culture. In the words of the old Pink Floyd song, today's political activists have exchanged "a walk-on part in the war for a lead role on a stage."

The big problem with this diagnosis is there is no such thing as co-optation, at least not the way Klein conceives it, and the Bono-ism of protest is not the antithesis of the original movement, but its very essence.

That's because the ethos of the anti-globalization movement was actually more driven by fear working than hope of us like to remember, and that more activists admit, it's wrong parties, stratospheric wage growth and speculate,

with workers, and—God forbid—puppy-dog Diddy's *Glow* magazine do a feature on sexy female activists? What's the winning title for Radiohead's album *Kid A* actually *No Logo*?

The movement was never going to succeed in changing the political system, because it had very little political content to begin with. Naomi Klein herself more or less admitted this, at the end of *No Logo*, when she wrote that the most exciting aspect of the anti-globalization movement was the way "the Redmond the Streets parties go on all night." It is hard not to think a handful of obscure rock stars for existing on the scene, even they're as successful as the rest of us in a good party.

Even though he's clearly a musician and a poster, Bono at least understands how the world works. He spends his time and energy coping up to politicians because he appreciates that the instruments of real change are things like legislation, regulation, taxation, and redistribution—that is, the business of government and politicians. For all his faults, he has figured out how to leverage the currency of his celebrity into genuine political

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JUST ANOTHER HOMECOMING

Outlook "Homesteading Blue" in the Queen's University student press, this year's drubbed himself the Kingston, Ont., with a slight better than Homesteading in 2006—when reviewers awarded a C+ and set it as the 5th. The closest they got this October was a B-plus-over B-but still became a masterpiece. With 1,000 page-turners filling the streets, extra bits brought in from Toronto and just 54 people behind bars at the end of the night, university administrators called Homesteading 2007 a success. It better have been: taxpayers forked over \$467,000 in security costs so Queen's students and alumni could show their school spirit.

LAN MICALFINTHE WORD-STANDARD FD. PHOTOGRAPH BY EAPON
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'Because I was a scientist trying to move the human genome forward, I was called Hitler. The cost was a loss of innocence.'

MULTI-MILLIONAIRE J. CRAIG VENTER TALKS TO KATE FULLON ABOUT FLUNKING OUT OF SCHOOL, AMBITION, AND BEATING THE U.S. GOVERNMENT

In his new autobiography, *A Life Decoded*, multimillionaire J. Craig Venter recounts the controversies and highly political race to sequence the human genome, which joined his privately funded rivals against the government-funded Human Genome Project. Last month, his anonymous but far-profile assistant published the only authorized human genome ever to be decoded. Venter's

like to get 10,000 human genomes to really try to get a handle on what's genetic, what's environmental, across wide range of human traits. Hopefully all the information will be in the public domain and in the scientific literature, creating a whole new field of information that's accessible to everyone. For an individual, probably the most personal information will be about human disease risks, such as predispose disease, which you can change your lifestyle to the opposite. Most physicians are not trained in genetics, so you might be the one to be discussing your family doctor, which is exactly what I happen into and now, as individuals become highly educated about things pertaining to [their health].

Q: Enough about genes for a moment. How did your environment shape you as a scientist?

A: It's hard to know the real answer, but I speculate that because I was not concerned as a child, I didn't have anxiety driven out of me. As a Vietnamese, what you might think is a childlike can carry about life. I had an unusual transition into science. I ended school and, poorly, and I went to work after high school and I was motivated to go back and start my education when I was 19. The knowledge of the Vietnam war was the thing I was frustrated with people's inability to go on in life, unfortunately that did happen to me, but had a really positive influence on my life. It created a philosophy of living every day as though it were your last, live larger and do things that you believe in.

Q: What do you think you would have wound up doing had you not worked at Venter's?

A: It's so hard to know. Obviously, I have a curious personality, an ambitious personality, but our lives have strange, humorous events based on chance and happenstance. [Before moving to a medical company] any way you go to become a champion swimmer. But Vietnam changed me so profoundly, it took me from growing up in a naive, protected part of the world—the San Francisco Bay area—into being a young man of 18, threatened, having to deal with death and trying to help save people. It was such a dramatic change that it's hard to go back to the mindset I had before, to think where I would've ended up.

Q: Do you still swim?

A: On occasion. I have three neighborhoods. My first swim was different than what was in the '80s. I'm now a swimmer at heart.

Q: In the competition between the U.S. government's financial constraints and your privately funded effort at Celera to be the first to complete the human genome, there was a very personal stake to the attack. (Venter left Celera in 2002.) Was anything you always wanted the right to publish your findings and make them freely available—or indeed just to live with your own genome. Why has this idea persisted that you intended to hoard genomic information and not use it for people?

A: I think it made a good story, number one. A large number of other government employees or people paid by the government were very threatened, they thought

they were going to lose their multi-billion dollar budgets. There are groups of people that like the closer to the truth story, of a small team trying to change a huge government effort, but there's probably an equal number that like to stay into the notion that this was their government versus evil capitalism. I think it was actually very good to have the U.S. government and our programs in the U.S. and elsewhere trying to attack a small start-up biotech company because it was competing with them. It's not good for science, it's not good for society.

Q: I thought you didn't set out to compete, but initially proposed co-operation, that the government consortium would decode the mouse genome and your group would, for much less money, decode the human genome.

A: Or even to operate on the human genome. The reality is that in three years we couldn't co-operate and get it done even faster and better, and move the science forward. But to the people who were part of the larger humanistic effort, it was emotional: they were going to be the ones to do human, and they didn't want to open up or compete, the suggestion was offensive to them. There was a central question of the new idea that we were racing forward, despite their success. My team did the first three [non-human] genomes in history, using technologies that were 10 years old, that changed things from solving 100 million to a few million bits there was such a massive breakthrough for the Human Genome Project, they couldn't change direction. It was like a giant bridge going down a river where they couldn't possibly turn around.

Q: Do you think you'd volunteered to do the mouse genome, instead of the human one, had there would have been any problems?

A: Maybe this is where I'm equally glibly over the idea I first emerged, I wanted to be part of decoding the human genome. [In the end] as soon as Celera did human, we did mouse right after, but perhaps if the sequencing company that was putting up the money for me to do human had been willing to do the same task project with mouse... We probably could have done mouse then turned around and done human and still been first. That would've been a much more direct strategy.

Q: You just talked about being first, but as recently as last month the New York Times referred to you as the leader after race to decode the genome. What actually went on?

A: The public, because we now have the information sooner. In a way all the scientists won, but they all lost it well, because we have to have winners and losers in our society versus "science got moved forward faster because there was competition." And what we just published, for the first time described individual human, across [the field of inquiry] forward substantially and far exceeds the quality and completeness of what was done in 2003. One year has been a complete human genome, 100 per cent accurate. Each version keeps getting better. It's a moving target.

Q: If you think this is a moving target that you're in for the money, when it's not an effort that you're not in for the money, what's your goal at Celera in funding science at your rate for people's benefit?

A: Maybe people that have accomplished less with their lives are trying to understand and put into context what I'm doing and maybe it gives them more comfort if they can dismiss it by saying, "It's doing this for profit." All these ideas exist in the press. Clearly none of us appears to be objecting to their work, and it seems not that they're a billionaire.

Q: What's your view on the human genome?

A: Being a millionaire is not what I would think of money was my goal, I would've approached things very differently and I wouldn't constantly be walking away from large amounts.

Q: What were the personal costs of the race to decode the human genome?

A: Well, it was a very stressful period, but to me, the cost was more a loss of innocence about how hard and how slow science is understood. I'd like to still maintain a view, that science is the only field where you get in the absolute picture of truth about the world around us, and that scientific facts should win out above all other things. But because I was a scientist trying to move the human genome forward, faster, I was called Hitler. This was the first time the biological community ever had a multi-billion-dollar budget dedicated to one thing, and it was led by groups of people who had no experience dealing with those budgets. They had a lot they could've learned from the business community about how to conduct themselves and how to bring in new ideas constantly rather than to construct a very rigid bureaucratic footprint. The state of science funding is not good, as exhibited by all the major breakthroughs that I privately funded [years ago]. For a small I want to have all this is pretty amazing, and we should be asking, "Why is this not happening?" throughout the scientific community. In my experience, more often than the government is able to find new ideas, but once the ideas were established, they were willing to pour out the money in a follow-on fashion.

Q: One of the criticisms that's consistently leveled at you is that you're motivated by vanity. Are you concerned that writing a memoir *five years from now*?

A: I thought that's what autobiographies are supposed to be about: the person that wrote them. Anybody who becomes a public figure will have a given perspective of themselves just for being successful. My best way to answer criticism constantly moving forward in science and trying to make more breakthroughs that have an impact on the world for people's benefit.

Q: More people, including me, get their information about science and scientific discoveries from non-scientific media. How can we ensure science to trust?

A: We should certainly be cautious and realize that we live in a very complex world, and any time there's an overly simplistic interpretation of something, it's probably



'For me, Vietnam created a philosophy of living every day as though it were your last; live larger, do the things you believe in'

wrong. I think it's critical for mass scientists to try to explain to the public what they're doing—not only with taxpayers' money, but what is meant for society—and trying to help [promote] scientific literacy. We are in a society that, by nature of what we've done with the environment and the expansion of the population and industrialization, is 100 per cent dependent on science. If people don't thoroughly understand it, they're going to be dedicating all their decision-making abilities to those who do. ■

Could the queen of green be mean?

Supporters call Elizabeth May driven, generous and inspirational. But even some in her own party call her duplicitous, a bully and a sellout. Meet Canada's wackiest politician.

BY ANNE KINGSTON



Elizabeth May beates through her crowded living room, her beanie, carrying a fish-shaped glass pitcher laden with water. Everything is ecologically correct, she jokes—the bread is homemade, the deviled eggs free-range, the twinkled salmon and lobster wild. The occasion is May's annual Twelfth Night party in January 2007, her cozy, ramshackle house in Ottawa's New Edinburgh neighborhood packed. Former colleagues from May's 13 years leading the Green Club of Canada mingle with new associates from the Green Party of Canada, of which she was elected leader in August 2006. May's 15-year-old daughter, Venetia Cate, herself newly elected as an organizer of the Green's youth wing, rings out with banalisms from May's parish, St. Bartholomew's Anglican, who chat with politicians of various stripes, among them Liberal MP John Godfrey and NDP MP Paul Dewar. And, of course, there's a strutting of rednecks' veils over May's headline-grabbing crusades over the years, including her 17-day hunger strike on Parliament Hill in 2001 which drew attention to the high cancer rates near Cape Breton's Sydney tar ponds.

May's crusades from non-partisan taxpayer appeals on perceptible toxic substances, "What's Jack?" a number of guests ask, as former NDP Leader Jack Layton, a close reader in parliament May's days, here appears wide. "He won't return my calls," she says in her glib, ringing voice. May has made it no secret she's famous with Layton for helping getting down the Liberal government in December 2006, on the first day of the international climate change conference in Montreal. It earned media attention from the cause to which she's dedicated her life. That Layton wouldn't return her calls became a means for May, even though it's a version depicted by Layton's chief of staff, still, the poisonous party's message May—presenting herself the wronged innocent when the truth is more complex.

The house is filled with memories from May's latest post. At the top of the stairs, there's a mock newspaper front page of her meeting Prince Charles. In one of many photographs, May holding Victoria Cate in a baby, stands beside Bill Clinton, a family friend, on the Oval Office, on Clinton's estate in May's north, Stephen May, once a well-known American activist with deep connections to the Democratic party. Notary argues about—a bulk of it is a silver adornment with a shell-like line, lobster rights, forward a kitchen window. Books fit everywhere, the latest thinking on ecological devastation also start to rumble by May's close friends—David Suzuki, who has called her an "eco-boss," Pauline Mower, Victoria Cate's godmother, and Margaret Atwood. Over the years, this place has served as a counterpoint of sorts for friends and colleagues. Crowding became so bad that Victoria Cate once asked her mother if they could limit the number of guests to the number of beds. Such generosity is typical, say friends for whom May is a rarely figure-known to give everything, never thinking of herself.

At midnight, per tradition, the Sultan fir is lit up of decorations—of the angel fish-shaped from a Kentucky hotel, of the Star of David made of off-cuts of denim—and turned on the first star. Carousing among her guests, a glass of white wine in hand, May describes her recent appearance on The Risk Mover Report in which she chopped down a dead beach tree. "Maybe it should have remained for habitat reasons," she fumes. Last flash, her mischievous humor appears in the spin two guests ready to leave. "You just are such a boss," she yells out. "The way you don't start until after midnight."

PHOTOGRAPH BY YVONNE BÉGIN, DAVID COLEMAN

logical hybrid, she's rightward-leaning in terms of endorsing marketplace solutions and tax-shifting from income to fossil fuels, but more to the left in social policy.

Climate change of another kind—in the political landscape—also bodes well for a Green breakout. No federal party holds a commanding lead in the polls. Liberals are shifting, as seen most recently in Quebec voters say the environment tops their list of concerns. In her first outing as a Green candidate in the London North Centre by election last November, May captured, placing second in Liberal Glen Patterson with 25 per cent of the vote, the party's best federal result.

Yet since ensuring the partisan fray, the 33-year-old chronic, self-described "eco bitch" has proven a polarizing force of nature herself—arousing plans to run against Conservative cabinet minister Peter MacKay.

MAY CAMPAIGNING A self-described "eco bitch" proved to be a polarizing force of nature



Behind the scenes the Greens have been a phosphate-free soap opera

in the next federal election, during Prime Minister Stephen Harper's everyman and, most controversially, backing another party's leader, Stéphane Dion, as the best prospect for prime minister.

Under May, the party has never been more popular: membership has more than doubled, to 33,000, one year, 48 per cent, a new high. Behind the scenes, however, the Greens are a phosphate-free soap opera, riven by backbiting, infighting, and elections, including the departure of four executive board leaders since May's return even. The Greens' new leader is alternately bearded in the best or the worst thing to happen to the party. Her many allies praise her charm, her cunning, her drive, her self-

lessness. Her critics portray her as dilettante, conceited, and a badly who's been interested in self-promotion than party building. They call her E.M., and post a picture of a Machiavelli on St. Francis of Assisi's placid forehead who's also a commensurate Ottawa insider, a skilled negotiator willing to do whatever it takes to save The Planet. As a politician, she's a consummate self-interester in acquiring power than harnessing the change power can elicit. Mowat didn't repeat his long time friend's criticism at all. "I would say she's a politician in quotes—ironically," he says. "She is a dedicated and dedicated person. That's what she is, and a lot of people say so. With a federal election looming, May's goldmine vision is destined to find its place once again, affecting both the political landscape and the Green party's very sustainability."

ELIZABETH MAY CAME BY HER GREEN GENERAL. Her mother took pride in appearing in Richard Nixon's "veneer" film. Like father, like son, an insurance executive, was equally committed to social change. Peace marches and anti-nuclear demonstrations were routine outings during her post-Confederation childhood. Together her parents founded a grassroots group credited with convincing government Kennedy to ban atmospheric nuclear weapons testing. In *How to Save the World in 99 Days*, her most famous primer, May recalls being used as a "media prop" in the "Whole Union peace launch." "I represented all the peaceful environmental world," she writes. So sensitive was she to environmental violence as a child that, according to family lore, she once expressed alarm in jet engine trouble overhead. "Mommy, why's the contrail the sky?" she asked. At nursery school, she warned other children not to eat the snow because it contained radioactive strontium 90. As a teenager she founded a group to put anti-nuclear buses on non-reversible benches and phosphates.

After her parents shifted to Canada and May's childhood moved the family to Nova Scotia in 1974, she up with their tax dollars buying property. On a when they used their life savings into property in Halifax and a money management in Margaret Harbour May took over from first year in Smith College to cook, knit, knit and garden. Her successful 1976 campaign to end nuclear testing of the cruise balloons with a 1000 signatures inspired an NDP documentary. In 1980, newly married to a Canadian, May met again with her Liberal ally Alan MacEachen

in Cape Breton-Canso as an independent. Her goal wasn't to win—she didn't—but to force discussion of the issue. A subsequent effort to pass a provincial plan to develop new commercial harbours into a harbourside, waged while she studied law at Dalhousie in the early '80s, was fought out in the courts. May's campaign, and was successful in payment court. Her family had to sell their house and 70 acres of property. In 1983, May took a job as a Halifax law firm but quickly became frustrated by environmental law's emphasis on procedure over substance. "I'm basically would have been an environmental lawyer in Ontario in Canada," she once quipped.

Over the next two decades, May morphed smoothly from lawyer to environmental lawyer to environmental lawyer to environmental lawyer. Over the past decade, May has been a member of the provincial leadership of both nursing, government, education, and political coalition. Some friends expressed disappointment when she went

several groups against McMillan's executive. She also went to Liberal and NDP environmental critics behind the minister's back to keep them informed on South Moravia developments. "I would have thought her it worked," she said. Various groups, including Pollution Probe, accused May of threatening to pull funding if they didn't support a 1996 environmental protection act. An allegation May denied. (After the bill passed, May agreed it was flawed but "better than having nothing at all.") Other environmentalists disagreed. "I argued at May's telling, McMillan called her a liar. May returned the favor by making McMillan get the wrong side to twist the knife." "He had the heart for it," she said. "His soul was weak." May found virtue on the man who hired her. "He had no personal prejudice."

Moral crusade has always underlain May's work. Her selflessness was evident in her decision to join a church at age 13, long after her mother had taken the family out of

any she has discussed her anguish trying to reconcile her belief that all life is sacred with her conviction that abortion is the only legal, but wrong, choice. She wasn't married to the father of her daughter, the person whose daughter scientist Ian Burton, though she does refer to him as her "ex husband," a fact that bothers Burton, though he doesn't object. The two are co-guardians. "We lived together for less than two years before being legally married," he says. "I guess it's a matter of definition." Burton views the roots of May's activism as complex and mysterious. "Elizabeth means to change the world in a better place, and if I knew not the environment that led to her activism then I would be some thing else," he says.

By the early 1990s, May's desire to change the world required her to do so many organizations it was difficult to keep track. Her work with a group to preserve the Halifax waterfront propelled her into the city's celebrity orbit of Strong and Body Shop founder Anita Roddick. Meanwhile, she was busy building the Green Club of Canada into a national presence. While heading that NGO, she participated in an ad hoc governmental delegation planning the 1993 Rio Summit. In Brian Dewar's 1997 book *Club of Green*, a critical look at the increasing reliance between business, government and environmentalism, getting May outside for business or government is described in the equivalent of "one stop shopping." Dewar writes: "In fact, many or perhaps could be generated anywhere—in an embassy in Brazil, in a meeting room in Washington, in a boardroom in Switzerland—and, if led by May, and up to the top of the Globe and Mail." Adam Carr, now deputy leader of the Greens, recalls May taking her on a tour of government offices during the 1990s. "She knew everybody—from ministers to the assistants—by their first names." Behind the scenes, May went speculatively on confidential contact for people in high places, says a friend. In *How to Save the World in 99 Days*, May lists, one of her books, May lists "Lessons Learned at My Mother's Knee." Number two: "You can accomplish anything you want if you don't see who gets the credit."

During the '90s, May's Green Club worked closely with the Liberals to get the Kyoto Protocol ratified. Her colleague Louise Caron, now president of the board of the Green Club, provided the research for Dion's environmental 2000 Kyoto plan. May applauded it, though other environmental groups, along with the Bloc and the NDP, condemned it as too weak. In *Deal Green*, published in early 1997, former NDP strategist Jeremy Hunsbly said "the most reliable validator of Liberal policy for years."

Health upgrades May far from being more critical of the Liberals, possibly only for the measure's government status at the time. "Maybe we've got to sort of put it all get along, etc. And so an extra that's correct," he says. "But the dividing line isn't partisan but ambivalence. She will work with any one in power. What she's done last week is working with people not in power...the NDP and, ironically, the Greens. She is the power child for playing Ottawa's inside game."

THE THREAT of a Stephen Harper Conservative government galvanized May politically. Harper was, after all, the man who once referred to the Kyoto Protocol as a "job killing, economy-destroying, socialist scheme." John Geoffrey recalls May trying to broker an arrangement during the 1996 election between the Liberals and Greens that would see Green throne support to the Liberalism instead for them conducting electoral reform. It didn't happen. The Harper victory pushed May over the top.



CHEERLEADER 1990: May and Geoffrey worked for May's own election when campaigning in July for the party executive.

election night. "I saw 20 years of work falling away," she says. "She felt the opposition to Harper was weak enough," says one friend, who notes May was frustrated no one was speaking out clearly on climate change. Geoffrey and there was talk of May joining the Liberals, then making a leadership bid. Dion showed little sign of winning. The Greens, the conclusion, offered more tension and exposure.

May won the leadership on the first ballot by 65 per cent of the vote. Hope ran high he'd become Canada's answer to Piers Kelly, the German Green leader who turned a marginal group of budding tree huggers into the world's most successful environmental party. The party May inherited is a fractious bunch, differing in opinion on



May models herself as a new-style politician, a 'truth-teller'

whether they belong to a political party or social movement. On one side, the moderate, many do come from other parties, intent on building the Greens into a permanent party position; on the other, the "deep greens," who hold power support and measure success in terms of shutting up the status quo from the outside. A rightist divide who sits is, Jon Harris, the party's former leader, was divided by some members as being a true warrior who was too "pro-business."

May attempts to reconcile this uneasy split. She knows politicians, says doctors and has grown up. "I refused to be packaged like a politician," she likes to say. She models herself as a new-style politician, an "truth-teller" who can be open and far from the city of global warming calls for new climate change messages, she says. "When you put a partisan advantage in a not my party, why sometimes I'll say things that may be perceived as against self-interest—which of course makes our Greens mad in a way." She feels a duty to not bringing up Kyoto at the last leaders' debate. "The calculations there was not 'What's good for the environment,' but 'What's good for winning seats,'" she says. May maintains that progress requires putting aside the "positive illusion" that precludes politicians from working together. "If you want to step out of line and say something respectful about someone in another party it's like the world falls on your head,



ACTIVIST 1990: May's mother (left) took pride in appearing on Nixon's "veneer" film.

to work as senior policy adviser to environment minister Tom McMillan in the Mulroney government in 1984. While there, May was credited as a pivotal force in turning South Moravia, in B.C.'s Queen Charlotte Islands, into a national park and negotiating a 1985 international treaty to protect the ozone layer. Her 1988 resignation over the government's dispute regarding permits for logging in Saskatchewan was given wide media play as an act of conscience.

The matter was more complicated. May admits to playing both sides to push her agenda. After taking the government job, she remained on the Pollution Probe board for years, a conflict of interest, though McMillan had agreed she could keep on in the movement. In a 1988 interview, May said she leaked government secrets to environ-

ment groups against McMillan's executive. She also went to Liberal and NDP environmental critics behind the minister's back to keep them informed on South Moravia developments. "I would have thought her it worked," she said. Various groups, including Pollution Probe, accused May of threatening to pull funding if they didn't support a 1996 environmental protection act. An allegation May denied. (After the bill passed, May agreed it was flawed but "better than having nothing at all.") Other environmentalists disagreed. "I argued at May's telling, McMillan called her a liar. May returned the favor by making McMillan get the wrong side to twist the knife." "He had the heart for it," she said. "His soul was weak." May found virtue on the man who hired her. "He had no personal prejudice."

Moral crusade has always underlain May's work. Her selflessness was evident in her decision to join a church at age 13, long after her mother had taken the family out of

and disappointed reaction I've been leader," she says.

This kind of talk can drive those working with her busy. Don Reid, a strategist brought in to advise during May's run in London North-Central, recalls one conversation. "She [the opposition] on the shoulder on day and said, 'I want you to know if it ever came down to a choice of winning soon or doing the right thing, I'm always going to do the right thing.' And I looked at her and said, 'That's great, as long as you understand that in order to do the right thing you also have to win some seats.'"

The inevitable collision between those two desires came with May's announcement she'd be running against MacKay in Central Nova. Party members suggested she look elsewhere—London North Central, Halifax, even elsewhere in Cape Breton—for the best odds of winning a seat in the House. May says she chose the riding because of her roots in the region. More, it commanded much spotlight, which in turn could help her to be included in the televised leaders' debates. Then there was the added bonus of potentially taking out

Greens believed that May set them up as a Liberal branch plant

breaking their merger with the Canadian Alliance.

Victory appeared a long shot when May made her announcement in March. In 2004, MacKay won with 41 per cent support, followed closely by NDP candidate Ainslie Mac

Donald. The Liberals placed third, with the Green candidate finishing in the fourth place with a mere 1.6 per cent of the vote. What wasn't known was that May had been talking to the Liberals about there not running a candidate since early February. Bidings offers to the Liberals about there not running a candidate since early February. Bidings offers to the Liberals about there not running a candidate since early February. Bidings offers to the Liberals about there not running a candidate since early February.



MAY'S DEAL WITH Dion was seen as setting out Greens for her own gain.

before announcing she'd run in Central Nova, to act as a courtesy with Layton to "discuss some kind of deal around seats," says Layton's chief of staff Bob Gallagher. Lewis and Layton discussed this on April 12. May held a press conference with Dion to announce they wouldn't run a candidate in each other's ridings, which freed up an estimated 10,000 votes in Central Nova, far from enough to assure victory. May praised Dion, saying her work with him convinced her he is the best choice to lead Canada.

Layton and Harper blamed the arrangement, which also kicked off many Liberals and pushed Greens to the margins, as a deal that was only a few hundred Green votes in Dion's home. Layton's criticism, the optics were confusing—now Greens had support (Dion's agreement with May) to achieve a majority, according to their reasoning. May was saying 124 Greens should not hold seats. There was also concern the deal would undermine Green momentum, cost votes in other ridings, and inhibit the attack Green candidates could mount against Liberals. And that could result in lost revenue to Green coffers. (Under new rules introduced in 2005, parties achieving two per cent of the popular vote receive \$1.75 per vote from the

federal treasury.) "There is a risk that she made that deal and sold 300 candidates out for her benefit, and that's where we get into the 'it's all about Elizabeth thing,'" says one party member. But if one looks back to the position May voiced in the 2005 election, before being elected Green leader, it's consistent. "I wouldn't take the risk of voting Green if I thought I might discover someone who would help destroy Kyoto," she said.

Another overriding concern among Greens was that it set them up as a branch plant of the Liberals, whose record on emissions was worse than that of George W. Bush. May's Secret Club ranked the Liberal party fourth on environmental issues in 2004 and 2006, the NDP was ranked A+ in 2004, and A in 2006, making a back seat to the Greens. On the Green party website, Ainslie Lewis, May's "shadow cabinet" critic for natural resources, blasted the agreement. "What Elizabeth May is implying is that yes, we should vote strategically, for the Liberals if necessary, and that Dion is green enough."

May claims the agreement was a one-off with Dion, not the Liberals. "Elizabeth Dion has done better on a range of things than her predecessors, that's what I said when I was at the Secret Club. I can't pretend I didn't say it," she says. Before the arrangement was

announced, it was suggested to May that if she wanted to support Dion, she should jump to the Liberals. She shot this idea down, another difference with Liberal policies—most notably on NAFTA, which she opposes. Her strategy was clear in an email sent to party members on April 11 in which Dion is described as "a fine person." "I have worked with him. He is honest and has a lot of integrity. He was not the choice of the corrupt Liberal Establishment and I suspect they will not be unhappy if he crashes and burns and they can go back to someone whom they can better control."

Greens senior deputy leader David Chatham, who sat against May for the leadership, disagreed with the deal, noting it reflects May's consultancy status. "It was unfair, really, party politics is zero-sum game: it's all an adding, either you get a vote or I do," he says. For May, however, the game has higher stakes. She's unwilling to pressure Greens have any shot at toppling the government in the next election. She's also sensitive to accusations she could become Canada's Ralph Nader—frustrating voters on the left to pave way for a Harper majority. Nader's mistake, she says, was suggesting there was no difference between Bush and Gore. "It's a statement of the obvious to advance an

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Okay, they're declining. Now why?

BY COLIN CAMPBELL • Late last month, the government of Vietnam announced it was cutting the annual polar bear hunt in western Haidou Bay south from the bear population there is shrinking. The hunt will be cut from 56 bears down to 38, and could go to just eight bears next year, says Nunavut's Environment Minister Peter's Netter.

The decision was an abrupt change in policy by a government that has long courted research suggesting the polar bear population is to decline. The emergence of the polar bear is one of the defining symbols of the perils of global warming, and has been embraced in a place where the bear has a part of the traditional way of life.

But a recent survey by the government confirmed that the numbers are indeed shrinking, and that the bears were not simply migrating farther north, contrary to reports by local hunters who had previously been the main source of government data.

Where Nunavut is still at odds with most other scientists over the cause of the decline. There is no question that falling numbers are not a global warming, says Ian Stirling, who studies the polar bear population in western Hudson Bay for the Canadian Wildlife Service. His research says the numbers have dropped—from 1,200 polar bears down to 935 over the past 20 years—the fact that the bears rely on to hunt seals has started to break up earlier.

Nature, however, is not yet ready to say climate change is the culprit. There are, after all, other areas in the Arctic where bear populations seem to be thriving. "We say areas that are doing well and are not populations that aren't doing as well. And they blame it all on climate change," says Netter. Nunavut continues to lobby the U.S. government not to bow to pressure to put polar bears on the endangered species list—a move that would limit the hunt's sport-hunting industry.

Netter says he is committed to managing polar bear declines like the one in western Hudson Bay Bay, because the notion during change would reduce the extinction of the polar bears in the near future is just wrong. ■

Honouring Berry's kind of diplomacy

BY JOHN GEORGE • In life, Glen Berry was an almost-constant in diplomatic circles, where he was respected as a principled foreign service officer who didn't flinch away from tough assignments. True to form, he volunteered to transfer from Canada's UN mission in New York to do dangerous southern Afghanistan. Travelling in a military convoy in Kandahar on Jan. 25, 2006, Berry, 39, was killed by a suicide bomber in an attack that also injured three soldiers.

And so, in death, Berry became famous for the way he exemplified quiet devotion to creating a better world. A scholarship at Haskins University and a meeting room at Canada's UN office in New York have been named for him. Yet what might be the biggest tribute has gone strangely unmentioned. Last August, Foreign Affairs and International Trade quietly introduced the Glen Berry Program for Peace and Security. No news release was issued, no political note or speech. A notice was posted on the department's website. For those who know where to look.

The idea of honouring a hero is familiar. Asked about the low-key launch of the program, government officials had no explanation, but one possibility is that indirectly Liberal pedigree is an awkward sell for a Conservative government. Funded at up to \$10 million from this year to 2010, the Berry Program takes the place of the old Human Security Program, a cluster of projects closely associated with former Liberal foreign minister Lloyd Axworthy, like the treaty to ban land mines and the creation of the International Criminal Court.

It isn't Berry would have approved of the sort of work that off-gas under his name. He is described on the program's website as having "worked tirelessly" for the "responsibility to protect" initiative. That push to encourage the UN's obligation to protect people threatened by mass violations of human rights, adopted by the Security Council last year, was not only championed by Axworthy, but featured in an influential 2004 report co-authored by then Harvard professor and future Liberal front runner Michael Ignatieff. ■

The secret world of a wanted man

BY JONATHAN GATHEBOONE • For a man alleged to have been leading a secret life, Christopher Neil dropped a lot of hints. The 31-year-old from Maple Ridge, B.C., was identified this week as the suspected pedophile international police forces have been seeking for three years. Accused of murdering dozens of young Vietnamese and Cambodian boys, the teacher is now thought to be on the run in Thailand, but his pastings he left behind suggest red flags should have been noted long ago.



STRUCKMELOD: Neil's Interpol picture was released this week

body's boys, the teacher is now thought to be on the run in Thailand, but his pastings he left behind suggest red flags should have been noted long ago.

Neil, who had been leading a quiet life in the Far East since 1990, was highly active in a Web discussion group for ESL instructors in Asia. Using the pseudonym Peter Jackson, he posted on hundreds of subjects ranging from the mundane—Air Canada's baggage allowances—to the downright disturbing. "I've never heard of something as bad as pedophilia in Korea," "Jews," whose real identity was known to several of his fellow posters, wrote this past May. "In terms of computers, if you're worried about any 'voting', there are several ways to access your drive... If you want to get rid of old files so no one will see, you'll have to get a program and 'delete with wiping.'" The guide to a file hierarchy of China the King in Mike said, it, C, also gave advice on how to shop police background checks, and wrote of his love of downtown video cameras and even his desire for Korean condoms.

Neil also showed his poetry. "Shelter me from the rain, from the heat, from the light / From the noisy, noisy day and the cruel, scolding night," goes his 2006 verse, A Bangkok Street Child's Chant. "Show me prettiness, show me power, show me something I can cling to / Show me loved ones who can give life freely caring wonder, timeless." And that August, when a poster complained of colleagues who get a "dreamy look" when a 18-year-old sits on their laps, Neil had a snappy comeback. "What, are you pedophile?" he wrote. ■

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GENOCIDE DENIAL



As the U.S. weighs recognition of the 1915 Armenian genocide, Turks continue to resist. Why won't Turkey own up to its past? BY ADHAN K. KHAN

NO ONE DENIES THAT the word "genocide" at Turkey these days. It's taboo, a bad word fraught with displeasing connotations. To say "genocide" in Turkey is practically treason; people have lost their lives over it. But since "genocide" is on the tip of Turkey's tongue now as the U.S. Congress, encouraged by the Armenian diaspora, prepares to vote on a resolution, perhaps as early as this week, officially declaring the treatment of Armenians in Ottoman Turkey during the First World War a "genocide."

For many people outside Turkey, the deaths of as many as 1.5 million Armenians in the early 20th century certainly qualify as genocide. And the feverish Turkish response to the peacocking congressional vote—warnings of irreparably harmed relations, and threats of drastically curtailed logistical support for U.S. troops, even a dangerous escalation of the already tense dispute over the status of the Kurds in Iraq—seems disproportionate. But for Turkey, the use of the word genocide does have events 90 years ago in its examples and deeply personal stakes—and in the context of Turkey's turbulent history, an attack on the country's very existence.

But that is nothing new. Modern Turkey has always counted in a state of existential uncertainty. Since the founding of the Republic of Turkey 84 years ago on the ruins of a once-mighty empire—whose agonizing and demoralizing end remains a painful scar on the collective memory of Turkey—the country's history has remained the focus of the enemy "out there," always threatening the state's existence. In fact, the potential denigration of its state is, for many Turks, as real in the 21st century as it was in 1920, following the Treaty of Sèvres, in which the losers and bowed Ottoman Empire was sliced for domination by the victorious Allied powers of the First World War. "Turks still remember that painful history," says Talip Bayraktar, a 39-year-old writer and filmmaker in Istanbul. "We're taught from a very young age never to forget what the Western powers tried to do to us."

That collective memory, shaped by the official version of events in school textbooks, remains a potent reminder of how close Turkey came to losing nearly everything. The subsequent revolution led by Kemal Atatürk that

brought modern Turkey into being in 1923 has nurturing pains around which every nationalistic Turk assert their sovereignty. But the Age of Empire never really left the Turkish consciousness. There is still an empire on pause, longing for a return to greatness or, as Bayraktar puts it, "halfheartedly closing their eyes on the slaughter the Ottoman Empire became in its final, fateful years. No one wants to remember what the Ottoman was reduced to at the beginning of the 20th century. And

to refer to what happened to the Armenians in 1915 as genocide is a reminder of that same direct reality."

In some ways, the slaughter and mass deportation of Armenians during the early years of the First World War was a by-product of the Ottoman civil death throes. With separatist war already playing out in other parts of the empire, the Armenian nationalist movement, centered as it was at the heart of what many Turks consider their ancestral homeland, was met with brutal force. Estimates on the numbers who died run as high as 1.5 million, though Turkish officials dispute that figure. "What we have to remember," says Bob Ozel, professor of international relations at Istanbul Bilgi Uni-

TURKS VIEW THE WORD 'GENOCIDE' AS AN ATTACK ON THEIR VERY EXISTENCE



THE ARMENIAN DIASPORA FEEL THEY CAN PUNISH TURKEY, AT LEAST SYMBOLICALLY

versity, "In the last 50 years, most Turks had no idea that anything of that scale had happened to the Armenians. Even now, 90 per cent of Turks know nothing about the facts of that era. There is a great deal of ignorance surrounding it."

Turkey, he adds, has made recent efforts to open a discussion, holding a conference in September 2005 titled "Ottoman Armenians: Daring the Decline of the Empire: Issues of Scientific Research and Democracy." But there is no doubt that a lack of interest has been stifling the debate. "We have tried various official records but they have been locked away in archives in Turkey and the U.S. Until recently, scholars have had limited access," Turkey's archives haven't been a model of openness and accessibility," says Ozel. "But Turkey has invited Armenian scholars to come and review the archives. They have refused." In fact, according to Ozel, Armenians have been even less forthcoming

He says the most crucial records, part of the Armenian archives located in Russia, are from the Dashnak party, the most fervent of the Armenian nationalist movement after its origin in the early 1900s. But they have never been opened to public scrutiny—Ozel, Ozel says, "looks a bit like me."

It's a little game that's been going on for decades. But in Turkey, the historical hole has been filled with an emotional response. "Victims of the genocide are emotional themselves with territoriality," says Bayraktar. "We have a strong belief in respect for different cultures. So to deal with the word 'genocide'—well, this is an extremely powerful word." Ozel agrees. "No one wants to be called genocidal," he says. "And with the Jewish Holocaust rap reciting the list of genocides in the 20th century, we have learned as well that horrific event is one something Turks are going to take lightly."

Ozel says the Armenian diaspora's push

to have the "genocide" label officially recognized by the U.S. Congress is often of revenge for what both he and Bayraktar were students learned out in the name of "Jewish nationalism." "This is an issue of power," he says. "The Armenian diaspora has come of age, and they find they can punish Turkey, at least symbolically. But what happens in America will be a political judgment, not a historical one." Ozel also suggests there are other, more satisfying motivations behind an attempt to ease the genocide label's recognition, for example, which Armenia could pursue at the International Court of Justice in The Hague, and land reclamation, which would threaten Turkey's energy business. Both of these possibilities weigh heavily on Turkey's official rejection of the genocide accusation.

Other potential consequences are much more global in scope. Turkey-Armenian relations have already been stretched thin by a series of disagreements—beginning with the Turkish parliament's March 2001 refusal to allow U.S. troops to open up a northern route in the war in Iraq, and continuing with subsequent U.S. sanctions against Kurdish separatist guerrillas from the Kurdistan Workers' Party (PKK), based in Iraq and Turkey, but now fighting attacks against Turkey. A vote by Congress to recognize genocide now has the potential not only to permanently damage Ankara's strategic alliance with Turkey, but also to expand the war in Iraq—something analysts have been fearing for years.

Turkey has threatened in recent weeks to take the matter of the PKK's cross-border attacks into its own hands, and has been moving troops at the Iraq border. A preliminary vote this week appeared to approve military operations. "Moving into Iraq will certainly become easier if the U.S. resolution is passed in Congress," says Ozel, although he adds that the likelihood of a major operation any time soon is unlikely. "It's more likely that Turkey will restrict the U.S. use of Iraqis," an arabic near the Syrian border that is a major logistical staging ground for U.S. and NATO troops for operations in both Iraq and Afghanistan. Closing it to the U.S. military would strike a deep blow to an already weakly war effort.

All these dire potential consequences over a single word. But the power of that word is undeniable. At Rwanda last night the world that adds Rwanda, where the world-backed over "genocide" as it was being committed, the alleged genocide against the Armenians, a distant event, relegated to the history books. That, though, may make the word even more relevant for the Turks. "What happened to the Armenians was a tragedy, not genocide," says Bayraktar. "And the world has seen many tragedies." ■

poetry members—scholars, poets and global players—are taking over. Instead of sitting in the Toronto Club, they had to splash molasses restaurants, or more likely wade through their lunch hours.

Today in Caldwell Day at the Toronto Club, the family breakfast, his usual room of 10 top floor has a presentation to 100 Toronto stock-industrial players, CEO Investor Series North Caldwell, 35, one of the investment community's top producers, will detail the success of his company's Growth Opportunities Trust, the flagship fund that is making history in an industry not known for either innovation or innovation. What they are selling sounds intriguingly close to having invented a perpetual youth machine.

Any investor can profit or lose as stocks fluctuate up or down. That's easy. But the Caldwell family trusts the right to buy shares in their Growth Opportunities Trust, which owns shares, not investments and some of the world's stock exchanges, whose members have been known to buy or sell—whether they are buying or selling. That was the message Caldwell told his bright-eyed day to the four dozen brokers and investment advisers who came to hear him. Since it was created two years ago, the Opportunities Trust has increased in value by 40 per cent. One year is hard sell.

On a sunny October afternoon, I went aboard the Caldwell family sailboat, the *Freedom*, a Nomad 16, proudly up at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, where we consumed our conversation. "Entrepreneur provide the impetus for everything that happens in the capitalist system," Braden told me as we sat around Lake Ontario, "because they see how things are done, then convince and implement change. They are the indispensable catalysts and implementers." Some of the best ideas you'll hear while seated on a bar stool, but it's the doing of the thing that makes the difference. When you're looking to be an agent of change, it's not enough to just be setting out to join the Mountains of Charity, you're looking to make money from it; you're doing them, not just being. For a lot of people in business, the challenge of changing "what's out" gets a person going, it's the commerce that both drives it and attracts the people you need to make change happen."

As well as father Tim Caldwell, the firm's chairman and founder, who originally conceived the idea of providing stock exchange units and set up the market strategy for their acquisition, and Braden, whose own wife, the family is also represented by younger brother David. He is a lawyer and investment analyst who also works as well as books, finds Caldwell Asset Man-



CALDWELL at home with daughters Trinity and Ruth before taking a memorable vacation in Paris, he and his wife, Sandra, had not been away from their four children in 10 years.

agement in New York, and unofficially acts as the vice president in charge of pushing the family into the 21st century. They're a family independent of tradition and finance, fueled by their faith in technology. The success of their portfolio in buying stock exchange units depends on its success, mainly, on stock and trading. So far both have run their way—but both remain unpredictable.

When the paper started in late 1998, the Caldwell family was dead set against the Toronto Stock Exchange changing from being run like a private company club to a public company. As part of the exchange was then worth \$30 million—only half as much as the required investment for a Toronto stock exchange. "After the TSE went public, assets were suddenly selling for \$4.5 million each," Braden recalls, noting that of the 120-odd firms in the exchange, the Caldwell family owned just

five, the way they do at AA meetings, but everybody was fiercely proud.

"When we started to buy assets on New York, the arguments we got were angry. I won't say violent, although one of the members did push a table over, so when you're on the street, you always argued with what he said. For us, changing the structure of the NYSE was absolutely fundamental—to get it away from the closed proprietary self-serving club atmosphere and obtain some transparency. We just kept buying assets. We were a whole series of letters to all the members explaining why, to a public company, their seats would be worth 30 million each—they were only trading for \$5 million or \$1.5 million at the time—and why it would be good for the U.S. capital markets and for the American economy as a whole. On April 30 [2005], the New York Stock Exchange

'When one owns the exchange, it's like owning a casino,' Caldwell says. 'Every bet that's placed is profitable.'

one. It was at that point that the Caldwell family switched boards and reached the idea of taking stock exchange public—and noted that million being in the belief that they set their sights on the venerable New York Stock Exchange.

"That inspired us to go buy a seat on the New York exchange, and then another and another and another. At the time Toronto was public, the New York Stock Exchange was like an old boys' country club. Every time the members got together was like an AA meeting. They'd get up and say, 'My name is Jim Smith, I've been a member since 1957.' They stopped that of saying, 'Hello,

anonymous' it was becoming a public company. Excessively, we owned 49 seats."

It was a tough gig. Every seat had to be bought in the casino's red flesh and blood human being before it could be converted into shares, and one person could only own one seat, so the Caldwell had to find 49 people they liked and trusted. "We started with our chairman, me, and my brother, our CFO, our head of compliance, our traders, salespeople, my mother and my wife, my aunt and the cousin we trust, right down to a young lady who played in an orchestra. The day she arrived we gave her an application to become a 34-year-old member of the New

York Stock Exchange. Now the maximum worth is 50 million or 57 million [in stock value] depending on the day. It was an interesting way to begin."

The Caldwell family created a major revolution in the world over. Owning a part of an exchange had been seen as a means to an end, and now as a profit source. The success of the exchange generated was a small slice of the pie, but the pie was enormous. The New York Stock Exchange currently trades over 100 million shares of 100 million annually, compared to say, eBay, which sells maybe \$10 billion worth of antiques and junk per year. The turnover is growing exponentially because there's so much money flowing in a home. "The stock market's current volatility doesn't mean, and doesn't mean it's tilted toward the market going up, when one owns the

exchange. And, particularly in the world where a more volatile, more diversified, more global place, institutions and personal investors, private investors, look to do both, both to speculate and to protect themselves. And as the biggest options exchange in America is the Chicago Options Exchange, and we've applied really the same idea, buying up assets in that. Now, the thing is to really not be able to get the assets in, you need to be able to get the assets. It's not like buying a public company where there's a cash to be bought to say you want to put your money into. With a seat you actually have to get—and possibly know—the person that you're buying it from, and it makes it a much more one-on-one process, because there's not an unlimited number."

Led by Braden, the Caldwell family rep-

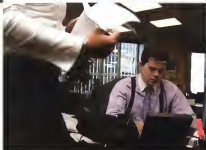
resented for single-family dwellings and getting interest to high density commercial. The value increases even before one begins to build. It's like buying Goli before it goes public."

Among the heaviest plays at the moment are the capital markets of the Toronto and Montreal stock exchanges, and the Caldwell family moved into India. They already own four per cent of the Bombay Stock Exchange through a company established in Mauritius. They are their third largest holding, and as short as Bloomberg has noted, the Bombay Exchange is expected to go public within the next two years.

"We'd wanted to actually invest in India for a long time," says Braden. "We never understood the spinning wheel on the Indian flag, which is a symbol of independence, so we, in which we actually used to make an investment in India. I won't say we weren't welcome, but Indians were going to do it on their own. We'd sent in an application last year to look at the exchange and see what possibilities there might be down the road. Just before Christmas, the Indian government changed the rules entirely and mandated that the entire—the old boys' club—in this country that controlled the exchange—had to be broken up and that they had to direct 25 percent of 10 per cent of their ownership of the big exchanges. So we had people on the ground at exactly the right time." He notes the point that for stock markets to flourish in the Third World, there must be a middle class, and that that sector of India's population is expanding by the equivalent of Canada's total population every year.

There's always a better way, in new technology, new approaches, new concepts come along. The most obvious example of this global transformation has been the switch from stock exchanges being physical places where people are yelling across floors, or trading being completed electronically, though the traders are still virtually meeting in the same place. "Actually," Braden cautions, "electronic exchanges are being created all the time. There are lots of ways to be a trader, and there's been a lot of ways to be a trader, where people meet. For specific purposes, like the case, to trade antiques and junk, in New York's case to trade vintage sneakers, Facebook's no-trade personal details. There are other ways you can go to buy that don't have the eyeballs. So you've got more than one way to have a trade and advantage, which is where we see the value in the stock exchanges."

Peter March, chairman of Barrick Gold and adviser of the Caldwell family, has an immediate impression on their thinking when he recently told them, "Money may be the result of



CALDWELL and his family now own over 50 per cent of the seats on shares in TS stock and commodity exchanges, from Karachi to Johannesburg, and Bermuda to Hong Kong.

exchange, it's like writing a casino—every bet that's placed is profitable," says Braden. "Every time you purchase, every time—and more of them are going on, driven by the ability to do them better through electronic trading—provides income. Now we're looking around because we're doing this with New York and now in Toronto. The biggest investment we have outside of New York is in the Chicago Options Exchange."

The options market defines volatility, but that doesn't make Braden nervous. "They're a little bit more, a little more evolved than just make—can everybody understand it? It's intuitively, but they are one of the primary means for both protecting a portfolio or an individual position and for speculation, and people use them for both," he con-

cluded the same the world over and now own up to 10 per cent of the seats on shares in 11 stock and commodity exchanges from Karachi to Johannesburg, Bermuda to Hong Kong, and Kansas City to Winnipeg. At the moment, the firm has 700 million invested in its investments, but by the end of this year, that total could exceed \$1 billion. Tim Caldwell predicts that over the next five years, every exchange worldwide will either become a public company or be acquired by one. He is convinced that such a transformation, now that it has started, is inevitable. "Once an exchange becomes a public company, with a motive to make profits in its own right," he points out, "it has a natural way to generate cash. It's a natural way to taking a piece of property that is



CALDWELL, with father Tom and brother Theo (right): the family is tight, and wants most Sunday nights in each others' gardens to play

'When we started to buy seats in New York, the arguments were angry. One member did pack a side arm.'

what it is that you do, but not the reason for what it is that you do." Of course the Coldwells are in business to make money, but they always set it away with careful cable fans. They are generous but have high standards. At the moment, they are working together to build a unique park in Toronto where able-bodied kids can play with children who have physical and mental disabilities, often at no cost and such, up to that sensory play is a very big part of their needs.

Brendan's list of charitable donations exceeds 100 major causes, many of them connected to two of his favorite interests: the Anglican Church (his wife is in the Church of the Messiah on Avenue Road as well as being influential at the University of Toronto's Wyllie College, an Anglican theological school) and planting trees. The University of Guelph's arborist has a plant sale every year. "They have these fantastic trees that are extremely rare, like ginkgoes and blue oaks, that grow in Ontario but aren't very common," Brendan confesses. "So I went down in my family mansion—having cleaned all the junk out of it—arrived and bought one tree, then another, and another. I shouldn't be left alone with my father, almost unlimited funds, an empty retirement, and no champagne. I ended up buying thousands

and thousands of dollars worth of trees, and they had them in this huge sack and they said, 'How are you ever going to get them in there?' and I said, 'One by one.' I laughed. I think it was, 18 trees into the nursery, of about 25 different species, mostly native to Canada. I'm building an arboretum in my wife's family farm."

Like most workaholics, Brendan's constant dilemma is not when, but if, to take holidays. In the 10 years since their eldest daughter was born, Brendan and his wife, Sandra, had actually never been away from them. So when his mother-in-law called in January, offering to look after their four kids for Valentine's Day and a couple could have nights out, Brendan decided that instead they would take a holiday to remember. "I didn't tell my wife where we were going, and even when we pulled up at the airport, she felt sure we were there to change cars or pick up a pickup or something, but I told her to get out," he recalls. "She didn't know where we were headed until they called out, 'Last call for Paris!' I'm not sure if she wanted to tag along, but I rather suspect she wanted to kill me because in a moment of course, she wasn't going away for one night from her kids but for several nights."

"When we got on the overnight flight to

Paris she had a splitting headache just from the stress. She's packed for February in rural Ontario, not going in Paris. I had just learned that as long as she had her contact solution and her toothbrush we could buy the rest of the stuff on the Champs Elysees. As it turned out all we bought was some art. There were a couple of paintings that had inspired me. We were in Paris for four days, and on the second night I broke out a necklace underneath the Eiffel Tower, a diamond affair—not wildly expensive but still a bit more sparkle to it—so that every time people would ask her, 'Hey, where did you get the necklace?' she would answer, 'Oh, my husband gave it to me underneath the Eiffel Tower for Valentine's Day in Paris.' You know, it's that sort of thing that would really, really make other husbands love a person, and that's what I was striving for."

The Coldwells' friends have emerged as major players, from decades of protocols and precedents in place, in preparation of an enterprise that makes money rules. They meet most Sunday nights in each others' gardens to pull these cigars and glass the week ahead. There's no particular agenda, but at one recent meeting they spent most of the time discussing the Henry Gara, Alexander Joseph Solchenstein, and the gaudy antiques, which grew out of a conversation about investing in Russia. Sometimes Theo joins them. Brendan and his father camp out every day to and from the office.

The family is strong. ■

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Imported beer: the price is right

BY CHRIS KELLEY • From 1996 to 2005, Canadian beer sales rose 3.7 per cent, as imported beer sales over the same period rose 1.6 per cent—2.1 per cent in Ontario. And while Canadians may well be developing more sophisticated palates, old-fashioned competition shopping also plays a part. In some liquor stores, premium European imports are almost identically priced to Molson and Labatt products—sometimes even less. MC Liquor Stores sell a 500-ml can of Heile for \$3.49, while a

A shocking growth in taser sales

BY JASON EISEN • When an Irish defence passenger from eastern Europe began showing around chains in the customs area at Vancouver International Airport last Sunday, police used a taser to stop him, twice, with a 50,000-volt electrical charge. Minutes later he was dead.

It's never good for companies when their products are linked to injury and death. But Taser International of Scottsdale, Ariz., has shown an uncanny ability to power through such nagging problems. When markets opened the next morning, shares in Taser fell a few cents before investors shrugged off this latest fatality. Analysts expected shares in the company would get back to where they've been doing all year—nearing higher. The stock is up 114 per cent since April.

In the past, investors blamed the company was at risk from personal injury and wrongful death lawsuits, but a string of legal setbacks has quelled such concerns. The company has won 30 cases, four in the last month, and has yet to lose one. Civil liberties groups attribute more than 150 deaths to the shock gun, but courts have refused listening their use. Police in more than 40 countries now either use tasers or are testing them.

And now a whole new, even more lucrative market has emerged: regular Americans. Since tasers were first made available to civilian markets in 1994, the company has partially



ROUGHER AMERICANS are a new and lucrative taser market

sold 120,000 of the devices. They come in a variety of colours, including metallic blue and a new "black taser" in hot pink. The company is doubling its sales and publicity last month when police in Florida tased a student. A video of him screaming, "Don't tase me, bro," was a huge hit online. The clip didn't endear taser to many folks, but it did land the device in the pop-culture lexicon. Just like Google, the company's name is now a verb. ■

The new battle front in the wireless wars

BY CHRIS KELLEY • In a September appearance at Toronto's Empire Club, Quebecor president and CEO Peter Karl Peladeau whipped out an iPhone and used it to attack Canada's bigger wireless providers—Rogers, Telus and Bell. "Americans can pay about \$160 a month to use the iPhone," he said. "In Canada, this same phone will likely cost between \$210 and \$279 a month." The expensive and too backward a common complaint about Canada's wireless industry—but, Peladeau and others insist, it doesn't have to be that way—with new competitors.

That may be on its way, as Industry Canada prepares to auction off some range of wireless frequencies in 2008. In consultation with Ottawa, companies looking to establish or enlarge their wireless operations—including regional carriers like Munro's MTS Allstream and Quebecor's Videotron, along with cable company Shaw Communications—have advocated for some of the new spectrum to be "set aside" for new startup entrants. It's a proposal that didn't go down well with Telus, Rogers, who wondered why they should cede a competitive advantage to other "large, well-financed communications companies." The beneficiaries, it said, would be "the all-time corporate welfare bums in Canadian history."

Last Friday, analyst Jeffrey Pitz of the investment bank UBS may have added sweet fuel to the fire, writing in a note to investors that "both Videotron and Shaw have viable long-term business models to enter the wireless market as regional operators." As a western Canadian network provider, Videotron could have significant impact on Telus. And while UBS put little stock in MTS's national ambitions, Pitz predicted a launch could have a similar impact on Rogers' fortunes. The rules of this spectrum auction remain something of a state secret—as Industry Canada spokesman would provide no concrete timeline. But if investors start worrying about Rogers' and Telus's wireless prospects that far in advance, the incumbent-vs.-upstart rhetoric may become more bitter still. ■



THE iPhone: Critics say our industry is backward



SALES OF FOREIGN SIDS have skyrocketed over the past decade

550-ml can of Molson Canadian goes for \$3.98—nearly per cent more expensive by volume. In Ontario, the Taser Store currently sells cans of Carlsberg for \$1.95 (they'd \$1.49 bottles of Labatt Blue and you're paying \$2.06 for the same amount of beer)—and the Carlsberg had to come from the Netherlands.

Peter Holden, an analyst at Venus Invest near Research Toronto, argues that the Beer Store's owners—Molson, Labatt and Heile—make buying their products "the easier thing to do" by putting them front and centre. So it makes sense for competitors to try for a lowball price, and the 500-ml cans are a relatively easy way to chip beer's hold on the world. But Jim Clarke, president of brewing industry consultancy Fini Inc., dismisses the claims of price purity as "barnyard price playing around in a small packaging segment of the overall business," mostly in Ontario. The 500-ml cans are a "minor portion of the 3.5 C market," he says.

But they couldn't be, as both conclusions and known bag types have disappeared in Ontario. Take Rose River Slinging, from Denmark. At 10 per cent alcohol and per \$1 for a 500-ml can, it's the most bang for your buck that can, says Labatt's Maximilian Lee. Plus it has "terrible peer reviews," and "strong, foamy flavour," the LCBO website advises. And it goes great with grilled herbs. ■

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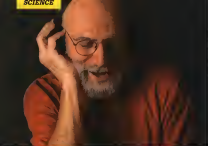
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FROM AUTISTICS TO Tourette's patients, Sacks has found, music finds the lost among us

THE 'MUSIC SPECIES'

Not just a pleasure, music is in our neural wiring, says Oliver Sacks

BY BRIAN KETNER • If Oliver Sacks has an overarching purpose in *Musicophilia* (Knopf), it's probably best described as making a case for music. Much has been made, in a state of recent books, of humans as the only species—how we need narrative to make sense of anything and to emotionally accept and interpret information. Sacks has no quarrel with any of that. He's a writer and storyteller himself. But the *disorderly* neurologist would like us to remember that we are also the music species. "For virtually all of us," Sacks writes, "music has great power. It is manifest and central in every culture, and lies so deep in human nature that one must think of it as innate."

That's Sacks speaking as much personally as professionally. Last December, after he learned his brother was gravely ill, a dark melody began to form a constant background to the 74-year-old neurologist's thoughts. The music turned out to be Bach's *Cello Suite in the D minor* from *Mass in B minor*, a piece "plucked out from 30,000 tapes by my unconscious." Likewise, those who suffer from musical hallucinations—don't remember in the mind, but music heard from the outside as clearly as if it were playing on the radio—tend to hear what resonates with their own past lives. This can mean, among Sacks' patients, endless loops of old popular songs or Irish jigs, or, in the unhappy case of one elderly German Jew, the Nazi marching songs

that had so terrified him in his childhood.

Other musical phenomena, however, are more mysterious in origin and awe-inspiring in effect. Take Tony Cicoria, an orthopedic surgeon struck by lightning 13 years ago, at 42. Previously neither very musical nor particularly religious, within three months Cicoria was possessed by music, driven to teach himself to play the piano and to compose music for it, believing himself "seized" for the purpose of bringing to life the "eternal talent" of music now pouring into his mind. (His



NEVER VERY MUSICALLY INCLINED, CICORIA BEGAN WRITING SONATAS AFTER BEING HIT BY LIGHTNING

latest work is called the *Lightning Sonata*.)

The music is deep within us all, virtually ineradicable, because it's everywhere in our neural wiring. "So much of the brain is devoted for the perception, memory and playing of music," Sacks says in an interview, "that music survives all the common traumas, as neurologists call brain injuries. In other words, our music tends to live through anything that doesn't outright kill us. Music, in

fact, can be followed by damage, as happened to Cicoria, and sometimes occurs with those stricken with thalamic disorders. They often take up incessant whistling, singing or sexual coupling, some times even also losing the power of speech. Sacks thinks it likely that an insult to the dominant hemisphere can release "musical resources locked away" in the non-dominant hemisphere.

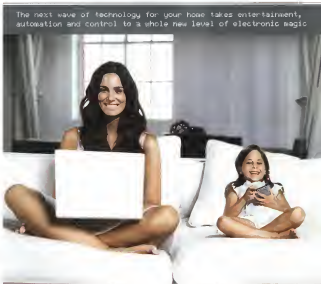
Even the explosive movement disorder Tourette's syndrome can be tamed by music. On one extraordinary occasion, Sacks sat in on a Tourette's symposium. At first the roomful of 30-sid people was "a veritable orchestra of fits." But not once the drumming began. Then the participants joined "their frantic energy, playfulness and improvisation" into the music, and through it achieved a calm and focus that otherwise eludes them. Nor can any drug truly Parkinson's sufferer from their immobility the way music does. Music, and often little else, often balances a vast range of neurological conditions, from autism to Alzheimer's.

Now technology now allow scientists to watch the living brain as people listen to, imagine and compose music. Much of the rapidly growing body of work on music's neural underpinnings is being done in Montreal. The Brain, Music and Sound lab "is a world centre of neuroscience," Sacks says, "an amazing coming together of people like [McGill professor] Daniel Levitin, who are both musicians and neuroscientists. I hope to be sending patients there soon—there's nothing else like it in North America. They're looking at all sorts of things I've wondered about for years."

Sacks is a scientist, and the new techniques of brain imaging are "exciting beyond measure" for him, but he is also a primary caregiver—a close, sympathetic observer of his patients, and the "strange lights and double lives" forced on them by their wounded or revived brains. After seeing deeply demoralized patients weep to realize they have never before heard, Sacks is moved to know they still have a self left within, one that music alone can find. In human life, he concludes, "Music is its last, but not a necessity." ■

SOLAR MIRRORS WOULD SHUN ARMAGEDDON

Asteroids five kilometers or more across strike the planet every six million years; such an impact would devastate humanity. Researchers at the University of Chicago are mounting a proposal to prevent a future impact: mirror. A hundred spacecraft with 20-meter-wide mirrors would swarm an asteroid, concentrating sunlight and heating its surface to 2,300°C. Resulting vapor would act as thrust to propel the asteroid away from a collision course.



The next wave of technology for your home takes entertainment, automation and control to a whole new level of electronic magic

Whole Home

Technology continues to evolve in ways that amaze people with its seemingly magical powers. Manufacturers and service providers are keen to focus on your home to enhance its automation and add to your entertainment and enjoyment. Here's what you can expect to see on your doorstep.

WAY
OUT
THERE



It's a series of wireless and wired products, you'll be able to drive into your driveway, press a remote control button on your key chain and unlock the front door, switch on the house lights and get the oven to turn on for the dinner you're just getting home.

Or, if you're working late, you can still check to make sure everything is fine by crisscrossing your home will also be Web enabled. Just visit your home Web page and see what's going on inside: adjust the lighting, reset the thermostat and ask your fridge what groceries are needed.

Are you too busy to go online? Just a range to have text messages sent to your cell phone to tell you what time the kids come home and if they reset the alarm system for safety.

When you finally do get home and have time to relax, your home entertainment system will deliver such superior performance you'll feel like you are in the scene of the movie, show or event you're watching and all day's stress will be forgotten.

Barry Murray, director, A/V and Display Group for Panasonic, says, "The home entertainment trend is to be complete (reminiscent of the comfort TV's will fill your field of view and you'll feel part of the action). The average TV screen choice is 42- to 50-inches, but we envision a time when the video wall will be a reality. We already offer a 103 inch screen."

Paul Meyhoof, vice president of display marketing and product planning for Pioneer (USA) says, "We want to bring entertainment to home theatre audiences that they never believed was possible."

And it's not home theatre experiences just for movies, shows and events either that manufacturers are keen to deliver.

Patrick Lapointe, marketing manager Sony of Canada, says according to the Internet beyond the boundaries of a personal computer is possible with their BRAVIA Internet Video Link. It enables you to enjoy Internet video programming on your TV. (See TV's Here and Now.)

As well as sophisticated home theatre systems, there are many research facilities



As well as sophisticated home theatre systems, there are many research facilities that set up a whole range of smart-home scenarios to test the products and services that create homes that will enrich your life.

that set up a whole range of smart-home scenarios to test the products and services that create homes that will enrich your life.

The Microsoft Home in Redmond, Washington, for example, is a concept facility that features technology showing what home life might be like in five to 10 years. Prototype devices and software are designed to deliver enriched entertainment information and communication experiences. Although it's not a separate house, the home is realistic. It has a front door, foyer, kitchen, family room, dining room, entertainment room and true-to-life, a teenager's messy bedrooms.

Jonathan Chiu, director of the Consumer Prototyping and Strategy Team at Microsoft, says, "Technology is woven throughout the fabric of people's daily lives. With the Microsoft Home, we strive to continuously re-imagine and extend the limits of what technology can do to make their daily activities more enjoyable, efficient and productive."

The home showcases how software, services and devices can combine to deliver digital, relevant information—from show songs at TV channels, news reports, e-mail messages and electronic documents to music files, on-demand videos and blog an-

tries—to bring people the content they want, when they want it.

The home also showcases technology such as digital wallpaper in the teenager's room for the teen who wants to display photos, Web pages or their own computer network on their walls.

Confidential Automated Buildings Association (CABA) created another futuristic home, an industry association that provides advanced technologies for the automation of homes and buildings. The CABA Internet Home Alliance Research Council is a network of companies that collaborate on future home technology. Members include Whetpool, Bell Canada, Cisco Systems, Direct Energy, HP Home Crest, Celanese, Intel, MicroSoft, National Association of Home Builders (NAHB) and the National Kitchen and Bath Association (NKBA).

The results of the CABA Digital Kitchen Study showed that, innovators, homeowners wanted inside the kitchen not only the heart of the home, but the nerve centre.

Beyond cooking, kitchen activities include entertaining friends, watching TV, doing homework, playing balls, talking on the phone, planning schedules and leaving messages for other family members.

Tin Woods, vice president of the alliance says, "The kitchen is clearly the hub of the

TVs Here and Now

SEVERAL MANUFACTURERS have raised the bar when it comes to home entertainment systems. Here are Panasonic, Sony and Pioneer Electronics' newest TVs to give you information to really enjoy your enjoyment.

Barry Murray, director, A/V and Display Group at Panasonic says the bar is still moving toward high definition format and large flat-panel TVs. "Our Vision line has moved us into a new vision that's providing the home theatre experience exponentially. The movie theatre is being duplicated at home with picture quality that makes the room believable than ever."

Homeowners want the real-life simulation whether it's for movies, sporting events or gaming. "It's not just a younger generation internet either," says Murray. "Even seniors are spending a significant amount of income on these systems because this is true leisure where environment is key to them."

Panasonic brought out the world's largest plasma display in 2006. The monitor is 103 inches and equivalent in size to four 50-inch flat-panel plasma displays. "With the debut of our 103-inch model, Panasonic now offers customers the most robust and diverse range of high-definition plasma displays."

The Panasonic VIERA 103-inch plasma display has an approximate retail price of \$19,999. It joins Panasonic's line of VIERA Plasma TVs. For more information visit www.panasonic.ca.

Sony has eight new BRAVIA flat-panel LCD high definition TVs that also meet the needs of the most discerning customers. The new models all feature 1920 x 1080 resolution for full high definition.

Patrick Lapointe, marketing manager, Sony of Canada says, "Our BRAVIA flat-panel LCD HDTVs deliver an outstanding level of picture quality." Leading the BRAVIA line up the new XBR4 series features technical innovation. The 35R4 line offers Sony's Motionflow 120Hz high frame rate, which creates

60 unique frames between each of the existing 60 frames. This doubles the frames displayed per second in real time, improving images for sports and other fast-moving scenes.

When attached to a compatible Sony TV, the BRAVIA video internet media links directly to an existing internet service provider and can receive streamed broadband videos, including high definition content from providers like YouTube and Sony BMG. Sony's Xross Media Bar interface helps users navigate content through internet video content as well as standard TV menu features. For information visit www.sony.ca or www.sony.ca/usa.

Entertainment and sports junkies seeking high performance TV will appreciate the highly anticipated 1080p flat-panel displays from Pioneer Electronics.

The two 60-inch and two 60-inch KUHD TVs embody their Japanese monitor delivering vivid colours and enhanced dimension that transcend high-definition picture quality.

The TVs feature more than two million pixels with full 1920 x 1080 resolution for intense imagery that delivers the emotional impact of every scene.

"From concept to development, KUHD TVs represent the highest level of TV performance and reinforce Pioneer's commitment to constant innovation," says Paul Meyhoof, vice president of display marketing and product planning for Pioneer USA. The intensive experience that KUHD 1080p TVs produce is a result of a new panel, filter and application-specific integrated circuit (ASIC) processor that have been designed to work in harmony for unparalleled reproduction of sports, movies, shows and more.

The culmination of these advances has resulted in extreme image contrast ensuring picture clarity and doubled pixel count for enhanced imagery. Visit www.pioneer-electronics.com.



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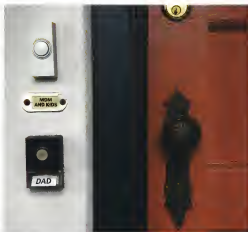
UPSTAIRS MOM DOWNSTAIRS DAD

Just because parents are divorcing doesn't mean they have to leave

BY ANNE KINGSTON • Cate Cochran lives with the first floor of a west-end Toronto duplex that is the site of a divorce. Above her lies her childhood, her identity, with whom she owns the house. Two teenage children live between the two stories. The third floor accommodates two single divorced mother co-parenting with her ex who lives around the corner. A divorced father in a similar arrangement lives in the basement rental. Welcome to the 21st century family flux—a new post-nuclear, post-divorce configuration in which mom, dad, children and even blended extensions try to fashion collaborative living arrangements in the scorched earth of marital breakdown. “There’s no one floor plan,” explains Cochran, a CBC producer who chronicles the experiences of 10 families, including her own, in her new book *Remotely Different*.

The primary Cochran chooses past beyond the family pattern of one parent migrating into the spare bedroom or the basement before a formal separation. These are parents who remain entangled in one another’s lives, for better and worse, post-divorce under the same roof, as siblings or peers, or in the same neighbourhood. Duff and Fisher raised their only a permanent close to the old family home and a shared time there. Peter remained a tenant in his own family home even after his wife, TJ, remarried.

Just how many co-couples live this way is



A NEW BOOK, *Remotely Different*, charts creative post-divorce living arrangements

unquantifiable, Cochran says. “But I realized there are a lot more of us than you know.” The families she profiles come from different socio-economic backgrounds, but all embrace a luxury of modern marriage: real marriage and family are no longer synonymous. The end of a marriage does not end familial responsibility. Parenting should be an equally shared endeavor. Divorced parents who work together in a co-operative, supportive manner give their children greater security and continuity.

Many of the stories are infused with such brave new configurations. And theoretically, this model has potential: children enjoy the comfort of proximity to both parents, and the interruption of routine. Parents build a new friendship out of marital ruin. A wine-tasting family or a band can continue to stand family cohesively and occasionally even holiday together with their new plan. It’s only a matter of time before Hallmark designs cards for couples like Marc and Mary, whose 13-year marriage ended with Marc’s announcement that he was gay on their wedding anniversary the year after they

split, they recommended as friends, attending their wedding trips to their right hands. Indeed, many of the arrangements, including Cochran’s, appear more businesslike than many marriages—with the added bonus that each partner can select his or her own value theme and date other people. “On the surface, it is that,” says Cochran, who visited her split four years ago. Where the system becomes complex, of course, is when new partners are added to the mix. “They’re going to have to accept the deal, which is what our kids are out in the world, so we agreed to co-parent. And that’s their deal,” says Cochran.

For the most part, Cochran’s examples involve her own model. She opened one cohabiting couple, the boys, because there was not enough good fish between them. In each case, the best interests of the children outweighed all animosity in the arrangement. Yet one does not need to be mad asphyx to see that parents’ nostalgia for the former. “The kids are being pulled along in its parentage” experience,” Cochran concludes. One father claims, “I’m not prepared to lose my children for 50 per cent of their lives.” Financial considerations

also play a role. “A lot of parents discuss based on money,” says Cochran. “I’ve and I’m usually the one who talked it up.”

Predictably, many of these arrangements are met with bewilderment and skepticism. As kids adjust, their parents could have a field day with some of Cochran’s examples, such as the “co-sleeping,” “secondary parent,” and “failure to let go” cases to name. The book’s first story is that of Ontario’s Minister of Education Kathleen Wynne, who left her estranged father to live with a female friend. Phil moves to the basement, but metaphorically rich terms (Cochran says she would have never sent her husband down

THEY CONSIDERED PUTTING UP A SIGN: ‘PHIL IS OKAY. WE DON’T HAVE HIM TIED UP IN THE BASEMENT. WE’RE NOT FEEDING HIM GRUEL.’

there for that very reason.) Three months later, the arrival of Kathleen’s girlfriend, Jane, a man with hourly time from the children’s lives, though they grew to love her. So hardly is the arrangement judged that the family considers putting up a sign says “Phil is okay. We don’t have him tied up in the basement, and we’re not feeding him gruel.” Eventually Phil moved away and married Sue, who reluctantly agrees to his idea that he wants to move children as he can focus on his first family. Cochran says the situation is indicative of how an extended family unit can support and protect the weakest. “Phil is very frank about how he didn’t have the strength to leave; he went to the basement for food, comfort and independence, but it also meant he could make breakfast, and [his daughter]

would think everything is okay.” Then there’s Maria and Allan, who share a subdivided Montreal house after Maria asks for a divorce. Allan, railing with anger and resentment, agrees to the set-up because he wants equal access to the children and believes a mutual right to damage children. Yet the fights between the two suggest that divorce would be a benefit. At one point their windy words: “Will the girls have a dirty-aged idea of how men and women relate to each other?” There’s also an instance of a parent being marginalized by a new partner, as in the case of Peter, who’s outperformed by TJ’s new husband to the point that he has to sit down with her to discuss the divorce. “Daddy and his limitations.” The most perplexing example of a new partner entering the equation, though, is the case of Mike and Megan, who live together with their daughter Bethan for five years post-divorce until Mike’s brother, Bill, himself a wounded refugee of marital breakdown, joined the case. Bethan, Bill and Megan are a couple, much to Mike’s disgust. Ironically, however, the couple moved—or at least appears to.

In most of Cochran’s examples, the marriages have ended as the result of force rather than the sort of acrimony that would make such cohabitation parenting impossible. In many cases, setting up such an arrangement appears a way of re-creating a “false” marriage as a success and of mitigating some guilt. Cochran speaks of her sense of loss for not having maintained the family in its original state. “I know how much happier Joe and I are as good friends and co-parents than we were as married parents. But there was a sense of grief,” she says.

Remotely Different marks a new way of looking at the post-divorce world at the very time the definition of family is being re-examined. The modern family unit is in flux. From a single parent, one Cochran likes to “lock the way in a dark hallway.” So just ready for a red-state house in displaced family homes, Hallmark cards marking “recommitment,” and a new meaning for that old phrase “raising together for the children.” ■



MAN DANGLES DIVORCE PROSPECT BEFORE WIFE

When Sean Jennings of Spokane, Wash., learned his wife wanted a divorce, he invited her out to the garage to see beautiful houses for sale. He had a lot of houses for sale, and he was strong enough to hold a house that was, and somehow convinced her to a ladder to put it around her neck. He kicked the ladder away. She expressed second thoughts on divorce, so he let her down. Jennings is now in police custody.

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He's still da boss

Who'd have thought we'd miss the opportunistic, 'unencumbered-by-principles' Jean Chrétien? BY MARK STEYN

steyn

Back in the early 1990s, during the back-and-forth over appointing the Constitution, Jean Chrétien is said to have walked into Borden's Palace and been greeted by the Queen with a cheery "You again?"

How again? Why'd have thought we'd miss him? You can thank Paul Martin for that. It took Martin's Congress, the genius budget balancer, the supposed real brains of the opposition, smoothly urbanely fluent in at least two more official languages than his predecessor, to reveal the little guy in a new, smug, elusive Mr. Martin, so ruthless and efficient in plotting and maneuvering to the crown, never gave a thought to what he would do with it once it was on his head. In the first chapter of his new book, M. Chrétien reveals that, with Sheila Fraser's report on the sponsorship scandal looming, he opted to stay on a few weeks and take the hit for it on his watch. But Martin was in a hurry, and snatched the old man gone. And so he came running in, and all the while he was back to the wily Showman, and Sheriff, and to King Paul. We dug into his career on the radio—Adams, Flanagan, Carleton, Ocasio, Alvin, and so on, in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—until the new government's house of commonsense and went up running against the legacy he'd spent the previous decade building credit for.

What would Chrétien have done? He'd have said, "Glad, da scene is da scene and, when you get da good scene, dat da scene. M. Chrétien da scene is da scene and dat da scene. M. Chrétien da scene is da scene every Sunday morning. And then, she always bring da pepper on it. Like Popeye say, I seen what I seen, Bee! make me give you da ol' Shaverian handshake..." For, etc., until it all dribbled away into a long of actually concerned moderation, and the heads of the last two journalists following the story exploded, and he was

his fourth term. If you follow the headlines, Chrétien's career supposedly "dances" Martin and "taps" Martin and "blows" Martin. But, of course, ripping and blowing isn't the Chrétien style, and this sensible book could use a bit more of it. Telling the tale from election night in 1993 to his A frame on LaSalle to his final walk from the Governor General's office through the grounds of

name used to watch in his case. So the firmness, intended to understate, wanted merely pathetic. Mrs. T was the consequent figure and Mr. T was merely the flop went up set. By contrast, Chrétien pulls the conclusion off brilliantly. It's a cool story—and, for a success of a distinguished only by his conspicuous lack of success, wholly deserved any what you like about Kim Campbell, but



IT TOOK Martin (above) to make the little guy look like a towering colossus, says Steyn



he didn't spend his entire adult life scheming for the role of designated fall guy.

On the back of the book, there are two blurbs, one from Bill Clinton, one from Tony Blair. Clinton says of Chretien: "He had enormous respect, not only because people like him but because he is a genuinely good man. I doubt most Canadians know just how admired Clinton is as a result of the rest of the world." By contrast, Blair observes: "Chretien is a very shrewd guy and used his experience well... When he intervenes in a meeting he's there and to the point, and he sometimes says the things that others think should be said but haven't quite had the courage to say."

The *Black White* makes recent news not detain us long: that just standard sentimentalized Clinton-bashing goes on. No one knows Clinton (although, ironically, his name is co-opted in the *Black White* divided in the course of a decade in Africa, rocking up from one percent to five), and in the rest of the world Canada has pretty much shed off the map. "Nostalgic doesn't like to fantasize that Canada had some influence as world affairs in 1994 that it has today. That may be true," writes M. Chretien, in what's quite a common for Trudeauan Liberals. However, he puts it down to globalization, deindustrialization, a lot more countries around the globe and the rise of the United States and India, and in themselves explain the Dominion's inability to fulfill its promise of peace. Spain, for example, which was a busy Mediterranean backdoor 30 years ago, now has a bigger economy than ours. "I think back," says Chretien, "to the Canada that existed when I entered Parliament in 1963 and compare it with the Canada that existed when I left office in 2004. It's not the same country at all, and a great deal of its transformation comes through political action... There is nothing that hasn't been touched and shaped by politics." Indeed, "The Canada of 1945 was not supposed ahead but systematically deconstructed home. Whether that was a smart move will be for posterity to decide. But the Red/Orange-red isn't the only 'nostalgia,' as Chretien's lane brandishes "pencil-skipping" and/or "Canadian values" more hisoured in the book make weary plans.

So forget Clinton and go back to the fall quote: "That gets closer to the truth. I'd like

trately chose," Chretien says, "to understand and outperform rather than attack and underperform" — under common leadership rivals one can maintain. But behind the scenes Chretien is a shrewd guy, with perhaps the most finely calibrated political antennae in the land. He judged brilliantly what post-Midway Canada would wear and what it wouldn't. And almost a decade later he grasped, within a few hours of the onset of Sept. 11, that, while (most) Canadians regretted the large number of corpses, they did not regard it as Canada's fight. At the time, the selflessness of Chretien's statement — the perfunctory invocation of "our humanity and our common goodness" — seemed gladdly off to compare to John

McGowan's prodigious in southern Afghanistan ("Mr. Dithers" is The Economist's label). Paul Martin, I believe, is the first Canadian prime minister the British press have ever bothered to invent a distinctive nickname for. He took so long restricting over whether our troops should serve commando or BAF (the International Force in Kabul) that ISAF loitered elsewhere and the Canada force elsewhere, in Chretien's words, "saw its south again to battle the Taliban in the killing fields around Kandahar." It's worth impressing this a little. In 2001, Canada took the unusual step of negotiating its way into a war — on the side, Afghanistan. With Iraq looming, the prime minister: It's a need for a pre-emptive side step in case he needed to say, "What's that?"

CHRETIEN makes a move at the G8 in 1994 (top, left); at the Liberal leadership convention, 1988 (top, right); in 1994, Chretien (top, right) with Tony Blair, 2003, attacking an activist in 1998



One trusts that in the CBC dramatization he'll be wearing the same mobster-like shades he wore to throttle that protester

Howard's robust declaration: "Down Under that this was 'no time to be as far as possible'." Chretien, M. Chretien has the members and concluded Canadians were willing to be maybe a 23 per cent ally, and that's how he played it.

Political irony unmoored from any fully formed world view is striking. Some time slender is to lead: he has trouble in his ground, and call the people to it. But that's not T. Jean's style. The more "controversial" passage in the book occurs when M. Chretien believes "my successor for Canadian troops"



CHRETIEN makes a move at the G8 in 1994 (top, left); at the Liberal leadership convention, 1988 (top, right); in 1994, Chretien (top, right) with Tony Blair, 2003, attacking an activist in 1998

Chretien comes close to saying our soldiers are dying, not for Queen and country, but for Dithers and his dithering

little brother the time sound. When assigned a little too low, M. Chretien was happy to stop the boys to Kabul, where "their assignment was closer to the ground, pencil-skipping." They're now back in the hallway. Kandahar shows in Martin's interview: "Canada has the higher per capita casualty of any military in Afghanistan, and Chretien comes close to saying they're dying not for Queen and country but for Dithers and his dithering."

But the larger point is that every calculation made by either man was purely political. The notion of a national interest, or strategic goals, or even (for Trudeauan nostalgia) a moral foreign policy, all are absent. That leaves Canadian warms to use a word M. Chretien never would be performing phenomally in Afghanistan — an easily accidental political outcome. For all his talk about "values," the great survivor of Canadian politics is closer to Oscar Wilde's man who knows the price of everything but the value of nothing. He, say, gay marriage, what does M. Chretien actually believe? He might be for it, he welcomed the Canadian public weren't ready to be said it. He might be against it, but figures he's got no choice but to swing along with the ocean device. He might have no view either way, but does need an opportunity to tar the opposition as incoherent and bigoted. Who knows? And given (he says) "how few gay couples actually bothered to tie the knot," who cares? While I once saw, multiple devices, and he has been before the



long. Oh, I'm afraid our boys are all over in the West. Kash. Won't be back for months." It was a combat mission, hunting down Taliban fighters, and there was much bragging about Ottawa about how, sure, the Brits had assigned some nasty job pencil-skipping guy around Kabul but Canada had been there, done that, and was looking for something a

Reading this book you don't see an undercurrent of hostility toward "Boy Street" and "Bill Street," but a great sense of what Chretien's for — either "tolerance" and the other hollow-sounding but buzzwords that he had to use to make more than a partisan belief in not believing pass easily anything. The Iraq chapter is headlined "No To War," as if M. Chretien is a fully trained on the march with Norman Khan and Madeleine Treford in fact, under the cover of human "rights" passages, Canada had more men in Iraq than many full-throated jingo members of the "tools class" of the ruling. It was happy to be a rational coalition of the unwilling so long as it didn't have to march in the victory parade. But the author makes credibility when he claims to have told him, as he says before the war, "I've been reading all my little bits about the symptoms of mass destruction, and I'm not convinced. I think the evidence is very shaky." My *Black White* pals scoffed when I asked this snippet to the end, and I'm inclined to agree. Even Chretien's chess move, who opposed the war, never disputed the fact that Saddam had WMDs, only because he had a big bunch of the in-least recipes.

As one point, M. Chretien takes Tony Blair aside, and one must that in the CBC dramatization he'll be wearing the same mobster-like shades he wore to throttle that protester. "Okay, Tony," says Jean. "We're both members of the Commonwealth — you're the No. 1, I'm the No. 2 — so why didn't we go in and take out Osama in Zimbabwe? He's part of the family so to speak, so why shouldn't we settle the problem?"

I was laughing and the thing, "You got it, you got it." For the brief moment before I realized, he's of course, only joking. Tony Blair's claim. The case for pre-emptive war, pre-emptive Chretien, would have been a judge of the municipal court in Shawville. "Thus the logical result of the Canadian foreign policy is a second world power that has demands rather than policies."

And, while Jean Chretien may not have out an impressive figure on the world stage, no doubt he still commands respect: at that. She writes me because "Even after I began to do quite well," he means, "I preferred to build a house near my blue-collar friends in an area that became known as La Place Rouge, rather than in the more posh part of Shawville" — never mind Westmount, or (as he says) of "Mr. Black" during the Conrad (poor) episode. Peter Beetz, New York and London. At that time, Shawville was a "very blue-collar"

steyn his friends' suggestion, M. Clinton was content to be the big shark in a small pond, working the room, dispensing favors, collecting their love. It's hardly worth mentioning Steinbock and his wife ever forgot this, when, lapped at the Auberges Grand Mère, Clinton's blue-collar beauty, Priscilla Dolan, was unamiable men but his new publicly funded in-state bus system didn't appear to be built to cost anyone over five-fifty-thousand who sat in the toilet would have had to pay for his own. He knew the door into the legislature. Can't give the Canal in taxpayer good use of that. But in a word, the Clinton's were doing business in a "diverse" nation, the state is the best arbiter of what



WITH ALICE (below) at his victory watch in 2002, showing off his Savoyard jersey, 1998.



deserves what slice of the cake

There was one detail that M. Chelton doesn't include, revealed by Jim Travas in the Toronto Star a decade back: The Prime Minister's is in an elevator at the National Gallery of Canada with President Clinton, U.S. ambassador Jim Woodard, and Andre Desrosiers, head of Christian's daughter Finaure and her no-Qualtec's Power Corp. (the largest share holder in TransAlta). Saddam's favourite oil company!

"France certainly warmed well," says Marchand.

Well, I mean those crazy kids are gone for each other, but there's something fairly creepy about this exchange—as if you've dropped in on a RNC costume drama in which a bunch of crowned heads are standing around

the police congratulating themselves on the adroitness of their arranged marriages. M. Christen also, he says, "did well." He was in "public service" for 40 years, except for 20 minutes in the stockpiles when he went into private life and unconsciously became a multi-problematic overnight. Moderacy's smooth when a truth paper are sooting glad handings was anathematically revolting to his old Comrades. Christen's little gay stink was both too outrageous and the more both the other.

It is a nice guy I like to think so; I'm a nasty piece of work myself, and I always had a sneaking affection for the not-public glimpse of Christos's weakness—the moment when he satiated that Toronto Star reporter by the wire and snarled "Get outta' here!" (believe, after two months waiting for wire news, the

journalist was eventually treated in Stifford, and, after a federal incurring course, now works happily as a tour guide at the Museum of Canadian Literature in Shawangou. I fear that the glad guy he got every quarter day—Marlin, Mulroney, Campbell, Manning, Day, Clark, Chretien, Bouchard, Pearson... No one will remember MEDAD or any of the other acronymic global-warmth fillers he churns out for him, but he kept the Liberal show on the road, which, as "my successor" (he concedes), is a lot harder than it looks. In his own autobiography, Paul Marlin would be advised not to go on in this kind of

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Large numbers of participants chose to self-



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MACLEAN'S
MAKE SENSE OF IT ALL



CELEBRITIES like Kate Harrison, Kate Moss, Lindsay Lohan and Jodie Whittaker make the Canadian-made *Moko* a fashion must-have

Prepare for more mukking about

A fashion line that donates part of its profits to Aboriginals is readying for its second act

BY ANNE KINGTON • *Moko*, the London-based fashion line that owes its existence to a popstar's shot of Native Moss wearing Native Canadian fashions, is readying for its second act. In fact, as anyone with passing familiarity with the gossip rags knows, was the celebrity-fueled divas of minkie to exist. Now, the most brilliant branding exercise since Estée is printing up living First Nations-inspired chic to the fashion forward.

Moko is the brainchild of Calgary-born Jamie Cooke, a 34-year-old who moved to London in 1999 to pursue a career in advertising. Sponging around the capital city in a pair of *Thelma & Louise* denim and rabbit fur sandals out from home, she was deluged with "Where did you get that?" one comment. On a whim, she had her mother send her some pieces that she placed in the Morning Mail boutique near Buckingham in January 2004. Moss was the first customer, buying two pieces. Within the week, the minkie-led model appeared in *New York* magazine. By January 2004, Moss was the first customer, buying two pieces. Within the week, the minkie-led model appeared in *New York* magazine.

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by Moss's brandishing them, nine times out of 10, store sold out before even seeing the boots.

Moko arrived just as Vogue was set to launch. The Australian boot had just had its first big auction and the fashionistas were holed. Moko's "ethnic" style also dovetailed with the boho chic style moment. "It's not just in our clothes, but in our minds and style," says Cooke. Kate Hudson, Penn Hilton, Lindsay Lohan and Gwyneth Paltrow were seen sporting the boots with the cat-paw print. Pamela Anderson wore the minkie under the *Mad Max* sun. By September 2004, Moko was a full-time enterprise for Cooke. Production ramped up from 500 pairs weekly to 5,000 (by late 2004 sales were creeping. Blacked out could be found at Wal-Mart. Cooke took over off to focus at Wal-Mart. Cooke took over off to focus at Wal-Mart.

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A big part of Moko's branding is its elite guest website, www.mokofashions.com, its made-in-Canada by-ethnic-guests origin.

As the first the company doesn't even open-
 ed percentage of profits to CAGIDA, the Centre for Aboriginal Human Resource Development. Yet Cooke refuses to name the manufacturer, fearing it'll be deluged by direct requests. Such is the size of the Canadian minkie manufacturing community, however, that it's easy to track Moko to Winnipeg-based Moko Line, run by Sean McCormick, a 33-year-old Moss who makes having Aboriginals a priority. McCormick says he's fielded plenty of approaches from retailers who want to buy the boots directly like shops say no "All due credit should go to Jamie," he says. "She ran with it, and I did around-mukking in the background." With Moko's success, Pierre Levesque's business and increased mail from 15 to 15 (handwork is estimated to some 100 people, many on reserves). McCormick says it's about time Aboriginals benefited from the production of Aboriginal-inspired goods. "You go into stores selling First Nations sweaters and 90 per cent are made in China," he says.

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SM-GINGER: Michael Caine (left) and Al Pacino fight over a woman until the woman becomes irrelevant and they're just men fighting

Alfie I and Alfie II joined at the hip

Two scorpions in a Pinter test tube, Caine and Law take a walk on the wild side in 'Sleuth'

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON • Usually you try to avoid interviewing two actors at once. Too often, they're so desperate to smarm each other that nothing gets said. But when Michael Caine and Al Pacino were asked to promote *Sleuth* at last month's Toronto International Film Festival, they turned out to be the exception that proved the rule. Begging their own hand to make life interesting, the two actors engaged in a real scene. "You sit the windows but here's, barked Caine, firmly taking charge as a microphone is placed between them. "We're both got fighing words as you're not going to make anything. I remember going for the first time and the director saying, 'Stop! The people up there [the upper class] have paid for their every word you say."

It makes you wonder how Michael Caine, that famous minkie, ever got it in theatre. A natural who plays Caine to embody a vast impression of Britishness, Caine is a Guy and Dolly "You're a c-y eyes are the c-y eyes of a woman I love."

"What does she do that performance," often Law. "It's not relying on a knowing saying one word, 300 part answer."

And they're off. Rivaling each other's wit as they dance, acting, ego, and testosterone Caine is 74, Law is 47. They're both geriatric lead roles—two bold men in London, dropped out of school in their teens, and became famous by playing gangster playboys. *Acorn* with *Acorn*. And they were joined at the hip. Law has already slipped and Caine's class by starting a 2004 remake of *Alfie*, the 1966 movie that made Caine's stardom. Now they're re-made *Sleuth*, in which Law takes on the role once performed by Caine, while Michael takes on the part

originally played by Sir Laurence Olivier. But Caine, Law and director Kenneth Branagh from their *Sleuth* is not a remake. Nobel-winning writer Harold Pinter, who never saw the 1971 film, adapted the script from Anthony Shaffer's 1970 play without keeping a line of the original dialogue. The drama is a two-hander, a match of wit between a British crime movie (Caine) and an unemployed actor (Law) who's run off with his wife. In the middle of Pinter's dialogue, the dark of minkie goes reduced to an acting exercise, *ad libitum* (Pinter's intention). The action takes place entirely in the novelist's mansion, which Pinter has turned into an intricate showcase of surveillance cameras and high-tech devices. He's also made the drama much darker, and pumped it full of homoerotic tension.

"It's a lot better," says Caine. "Larry [Olivier] played an eccentric who becomes dangerous. I played him who's already psychotic and becomes murderous. Ken [Branagh] gave me a psychological motive as a condition called married jealousy, a study of why men kill for jealousy. The director hasn't been honest about it—your character loves yourself." Law says the film "is about men fighting over a woman—the woman becomes irrelevant and it's just about men fighting."

It's also clear that the English form of male and woman called class (both Caine and Branagh are working-class heroes who earned the grace of cultural privilege, and were lauded for it. Branagh, a carpenter's son, brought Shakespeare to the masses. Caine, a fisherman's son, became the first cinema star to wear a minkie). "He represents a generation—the first actor who could really be himself, with an accent."

Caine explains. "I saw American films where working class people like myself were treated with dignity. I saw British films and they were full of roadies, but they would always be made, slow and comic. The American made us picture class, private, the British made us picture class, know it. Then Richard Attenborough would turn up as a smiling coward with a cockney accent. But I had the biggest stroke of luck. Working class writers started writing working class—Olivier and Pinter." Adds Caine: "The first actor I saw was the Lone Ranger. I thought, 'That's what I want to be.' I didn't want to play *Blonde*."

Branagh, of course, made a meal of Hans. So why would he want to go dancing with *Sleuth*? "I thought it was a dirty film," says Branagh. "It responded to a category in it, something dramatic and primal even though the surface is a well-made story in an elegant English house." Besides, how could he say no to a script by Pinter and a new act of *Alfie* going to like scorpions in a bowl? M

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WHAT THEY GOT FOR IT... FABERGE EGG
 Never before seen in public since it was made in 1902, a Fabergé egg with a clock and a minkie design is set to go on sale in London next month. Expected to fetch more than \$1 million, the creation of Russian jeweller Peter Carl Fabergé was originally made for the Rothschild banking family when it remained until now. When the clock in the egg strikes, a mechanical cock emerges, flaps its wings and sings.



WE'RE STALKING... PAUL MCCARTNEY
 Still going through a million divorces from Heather Mills, the former Beatle has found solace in music. "Music is therapy for me," he says. "Doing things in different ways has only convinced me to do more to make good music." He clearly doesn't mean *Alfie* and *Verity*. He means the 65-year-old heart just gives up fancying women like Queen Elizabeth II. "You got a lot of time for the Queen," he says. "She's fun, she's amazing. The Queen's a boss!"



A WINE TASTING in London; at the 1976 head-tasting in Paris, French wines suffered a defeat French oenophiles couldn't accept

'I call it the Three Stooges in Napa'

Two films offer two versions of an infamous wine tasting—and someone isn't happy

BY SUZANNE TAYLOR • On May 14, 1976, the world of wine was turned on its head when a 14-year-old Englishman organized a blind wine tasting that pitted some of the best French vintages against some unknown California wines. Steven Spurr, who owned a wine shop in Paris, asked some of France's most famed experts to compare the wines—something no one had dared do at a time when French dominance over all things viticultural was taken for granted. When the unlikely happened and all nine judges awarded top marks to a California Chateau and Cabernet Sauvignon, French vintners (and consumers) suffered a devastating blow and the rest of respectable New World wines was born. "It was the first time in the great books," says Spurr, now a wine writer and one of the world's foremost authorities on wine. "They thought California was just a happy little island in the wine sea." It was also a defeat French oenophiles couldn't accept. Many of the judges rejected bare soil for the part they played in bringing down the French establishment, and even today, some still find the memory too painful to speak about.

More than three decades later, the reputation of California wine is secure, but the famous Paris Wine Tasting is coming up for controversy once again. The historic event has caught the attention of another Californian: Academy two-time Hollywood favorite is in the works. "We both love the drama, they're different as French and Californian wine itself. And that time around, it's a bigger war they're trying to lose our reputation."

The first film, called *Bottle Shock*, is the Hollywooded-up story of Jett Bortone (as played by Bill Pullman), the owner of Chateau Montelena, which made the winning

Chateau. The second, *Judgment of Paris*, is the wine aficionado's version. It's based loosely on the book of the same name, written by George Taber, the only journalist present at the tasting. Thrilled at the prospect of a film being made about the event, Spurr had happily signed over the rights to his life story to the *Judgment of Paris* producers.

Everything was going smoothly, he says, until he heard rumors of a rival film in which Alan Rickman plays his character. He was sent a copy of the *Bottle Shock* script by a Hollywood insider and says it portrays him as a dishonest wine snob who staged the tasting to bolster his reputation and garner publicity for his wine shop and school. "It was absolutely appalling," he says. "Their script is defamatory and it's an invasion of privacy. It's absolute rubbish." Instead, being truthful, he says, describe people as they are. It has the wine merchant in place he never was: meeting people in bars and, struggling to keep his business afloat when in fact they were very successful.

Nicole Pagan, the spokeswoman for *Bottle Shock*, insists "The character of Steven Spurr is a warm and friendly and charming and entertaining." Spurr isn't buying it. He laughs and says that's a little unfair. He says that all references to his name and business be removed. As far as he understands, that's

what's going on here, and although he won't comment on the legal status of the request, he is for sending the facts. "We're not making a documentary," she says.

Taber, whose book was optioned about being published in 2006, can't understand why anyone would want to embellish the facts of what is a naturally dramatic story. "If you had a bad story, I could kind of understand," he says. "Initially, I was supposed to write the book nearly 10 years after witnessing the [tasting] and writing a nameless paragraph every night because he'd read so many character names in the years." The wine connoisseur was that the judges had been ordered, that they didn't know they were going to be drinking California wines. From connoisseurs he'd heard with *Judgment of Paris* organizer Robert James (who the wine critic *Wine Spectator* and the *Wine Enthusiast* call "the world's most powerful wine critic"), he's confident his story will be adapted faithfully.

Karen, who also owns her own California winery, agrees the *Bottle Shock* script is "a very offensive piece of material." In addition to changing the facts, she says, it makes people seem like a bunch of idiots. "It's a character that's a police officer to get his attention." "It's a character who's a snob," he says. "I call it 'The Three Stooges in Napa.'" Although his film was in shooting and now in post, Karen says he's not worried. "Our film will not burn by comparison," he says. "You cannot make good wine out of bad grapes, you cannot make a good movie from a bad script." ■



TODAY'S SPECIAL... MOTHS
A hot in Australia is promoting big hairy moths, a pest that's food of all sorts, as an urban delicacy. Said to taste like hazelnuts, the moths can be separated from their wings and roasted for several minutes in an oven or reduced to a coffee powder, then sprinkled on omelets. Deters from, though, and it's of course the moths' most popular food. And if the insects are used on crops sprayed with pesticides, they may be high in arsenic.



'OVER-BONDING,' says Glendell, 'makes itself in the bird because it's thought its favored person were its closest partner'

'Parrots have very long memories'

A new book for parrot owners spells out why you should never, ever, tell your bird 'no'

BY JULIA MCINNES • For nearly two decades, Greg Glendell has made a career of helping people whose pet parrots behave badly. The British amateur ornithologist makes house calls to parrot owners whose birds scream, swear, mess in inappropriate places or act jerkily by flying at and biting, family members they don't like. Now, his parrot owners outside the U.K., Glendell's advice is available in the form of an illustrated journal, *Understanding Bad Habits in Parrots*.

Because parrots are inclined to mimic sounds associated with dramatic actions, they often pick up these words. "Obviously it's best to avoid swearing in front of your bird," Glendell writes. But if your bird does swear, "you shouldn't worry," he advises. The bird may be inclined to repeat to provoke a reaction. "Parrots are very good at catching the dog and telling people off in a firm voice," he writes. As amusing as this may be at first, do not react or respond as they may find reinforcing the behavior. "Never tell a bird 'no.' Birds don't have a concept of being guilty so you can't blame them." To stop inappropriate mimicry, "remove yourself from the bird's company for a few minutes," warns Glendell. "If the bird keeps it, it will eventually come around." If the bird doesn't, it may never stop mimicking, he adds.

Should excessive screaming or annoying actions occur while the parrot is alone in another room, likely it needs some mental stimulation, says Glendell. "A lot of birds do these and people worry because they're bored. They're just in a cage all day with nothing to do." Toronto neighbor Carol MacLachlan and her husband, Dan Diamond, tell the story of an African grey they adopted from

an Arab Muslim couple who travelled regularly. For the first few months, Dan and Carol heard the bird talking to itself in the next room. In a deep male voice, and at the appropriate times, the bird recited the Muslim prayer *Allahu akbar* (God is great) and *Allahu akbar* (God is great) by upon you.

"They're just trying to make their own little lives more interesting," says Glendell. Should you see your parrot to "practice" or by itself in another room, Glendell suggests get a fun task to do such as naming for food. "You might say a few words in a new paper and hide it in a cardboard box." Instead of engaging in boring, unwanted behavior, "it's going to be concentrating on getting its favorite treat."

Most behavioral problems arise among parrots who are housed away from humans, he says. Parrot buyers should ask the seller if the bird was raised by its parents. Humans raised parrots tend to be "over-bonded" without particular care, causing problems for other family members. "Usually [over-bonding] manifests itself in the bird behaving as though its favored person were its second parent," writes Glendell. When this happens, "it will try to drive away other persons by flying at them and biting them."

Glendell offers two remedies. First, give the bird's social companion by avoid-

ing touching it anywhere other than on its head. "Touching the bird on its back or its wing tends to stimulate the bird anxiously." Second, if the bird bites the favored person, then the wife, "both husband and wife should leave the room every time the bird bites the husband."

Parrots need to roost outside the cage at least two hours a day, advises Glendell, adding that owners must expect a mess after roosting. "It's the worst thing that a roost food passes through the bird with a number of messes, not hours." Some birds can be trained, however. Ask the bird to "step up" onto your hand and then place it down where you want it to "perform." "If it falls within a short time, reward it with something you know it likes."

Whatever you do, warns Glendell, don't punish your pet. A misbehavior should be ignored. Caging the bird only makes the problem. "It just doesn't work," he says. Furthermore, "parrots have very long memories." Carol is never to suggest that her African grey parrot "really mad" if the "demonstration of its cage" before he's ready to leave his should do. "He'll take a long time and then through your door the cage. He'll take a long time to tell what to do. He'll go on and on, he'll hold a grudge for two days."

When naming a bird in its cage, always give it a little rest, says Glendell. "There has to be something new in the cage that the bird can reward for." ■



MOST IMPROVED **MICHELLE WILLIAMS**
Her home in New York City has so many pleasant memories for the star of *Mr. Fox*. There ever since she's stayed up with Heath Ledger. They met in Alberta while filming *Brooklyn Museum*. Ledger to get away, Williams plans to move to Portland, Ore., to live with her daughter Matilda. Ledger, meanwhile, has no difficulties staying in New York. He was spotted recently in the West Village, shopping with Danish model Lasse Christensen.

JOHN RICHARD FERGUSON

1924-2007

He was a workaholic lawyer who enjoyed reading well into the night, and he loved salmon fishing

Richard Lee Moore was born on May 23, 1924, in Youngstown, Ohio, a blue-collar city bustling with steel mills and steel factories. A few months after his birth, Richard's parents, Charles and Dorothy Moore, were on their way home from a day at the beach when a drunk driver smashed into their car. Dorothy died instantly. Charles survived, though just barely. Grieving relatives rallied together to care for the couple's five young children, but as the weeks ramed into months, the family had little choice but to find a more permanent solution: the two youngest children—baby Richard and two-year-old Nancy—were put up for adoption.

In nearby Rocky River, a suburb of Cleveland, Robert Hugh Ferguson and his wife, Grace, had recently buried their three-year-old son, Tommy, who died from a seizure before age two. They adopted Richard Moore in 1933 and renamed him John Richard Ferguson. His sister, Nancy, was placed with a separate family. John adored his adoptive parents. His father was a successful steel company executive, and during the summer of his youth they vacationed at his mother's family farm in rural Indiana. John loved the outdoors—the children and the tractor and the horses. In Grade 8, he moved to Indiana full time to attend the prestigious Culver Military Academy, home of the Green Back Horse Troop. John wasn't tall (five feet-seven) but he was strong and agile. Handley watches sparsely Duke University offered him a scholarship for football and track, but a hamstring injury cut short his collegiate athletic career. John later transferred to Ohio State University, studied nuclear physics in graduate school, and in 1953 joined the Marine Corps.

That December, he married Shirley Gault. They had two children—Lenna and Ben—and adopted a third, Scott. "Being adopted himself, Dad always wanted to adopt a boy," Scott says. John spent four years as an active-duty infantry officer with the 2nd Marine Division's reconnaissance battalion, then in more years as a mercenary. One of his tasks was to deliver classified documents to U.S. commanders overseas, carrying the secret files in a locked briefcase handcuffed to his wrist. During his time in uniform, John was also assigned to prosecute hundreds of military court martials. It proved a natural fit. Disquiet, calm and tactical, John was born for the courtroom. He went on to attend law school at Case Western Reserve

University, where he graduated at the top of his class in 1963.

John's first marriage ended in divorce. The children stayed with their mother in Ohio, while John lived nearby. But in the mid 1970s, he accepted a job at a large law firm in Washington, where he specialized in antitrust litigation and trade regulation. One of the members of his trial team was Jerome Harris, a notable lawyer who was 34 years his junior. "He loved to talk, and he loved the law very much because he was half Irish and half Scottish," the says. "He would

make long, long, long speeches that people would actually listen to." Justice fell in love. They married on Feb. 1, 1980, and had two daughters, Brigit and Rachel.

John was a workaholic. "He was not somebody who would lie in a hammock and look at the clouds go by," Jerome says. "He was either totally asleep or full bore." He would often read until the wee hours of the morning, his favorite book was Fred Schepard's *Coming Home to the Plainsman*, a journalistic account of mankind's impact on the world. "We lived in a world of positions about what life should be and shouldn't be," says his dear friend and fishing buddy, Len Walen. "We had these long discussions about the nature of man, where we come from, who we are, and where the hell we are all going."

John was a high-profile corporate lawyer with wealth and influence, but his real passion was the environment. Twenty years ago,

he helped found the Balfour Beatty Foundation, an advocacy group that fights to protect British Columbia's most pristine fishing spot. John spent every September on the Babine River, fly fishing for salmon and steelhead trout.

On the morning of Sept. 18, a Tuesday, John was on his way out for another day on the water. In the lobby of the lodge, an angler told him about his brother, an avid fisherman who recently died at home in his bed, surrounded by family. "It's sad news given to a man to discover he leaves this world," John told his. "But given the choice, I would want to die with a fly rod in my hand and a steelhead on my line." That afternoon, John was up to his knees in the Babine River, reeling in a trophy steelhead—at least 20 lb. As he struggled with his catch, a friend snapped the photograph that appears above. Moments later, John fell over the bank. He was dead, the victim of a massive heart attack.

BY MICHAEL FRISCHLANTZ



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